Listowel Standard.

VOL IV.—NO. 32. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH. AUGUST 19, 1881. { A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Some Curious Precedents in Making Proposals.

(Chamber's Journal.)

Sir Arthur Helps believed that never since the world began did two lovers make love in exactly the same way as any other two lovers. Whether he was right is equally beyond proof or disproof. Certainly no question has been put in such a variety of ways as the momentous one a man can ask or a woman answer; how it is put depends upon time, place, circumstances, and the temperament of the individuals concerned.

A MARRIAGE WITH A GENEROUS MOTIVE.

A curious marriage proposal was made by a reverend bachelor who entered the matrimonial state on his death-bed. He called his housekeeper, and when she entered the room he made her sit down; and, after telling her how anxious and sorrowful he had been because he had no money to leave her, he continued:

"Of course you are aware that there is a ministers' widows' fund, so that if the husband dies his wife will have an annuity during her life. Now, supposing you marry me, although I am almost at death's door, you will be amply provided for in the future. Will you consent to this?"

"Master, dear, you must be doting! What would people say?"

"I was never more serious in my life, Mary; and I am sure people will say we have both acted wisely in this matter. Take till the evening to think it over, and bring me your answer."

In the evening Mary told him she would take him. So, ten days after they were married, and three days later the good old man died; but the widow still enjoyed her share of the widow's fund.

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

A big, good natured doctor was desperately in love with, and had been twice refused by a fair haired woman. After the last refusal he told her that if she ever changed her mind to let him know, as his love for her was unchangeable, and he would be proud to be her husband. Some months later he was driving home from seeing a patient, when he saw his lady love riding in his direction. Supposing she would merely bow and pass on, as she had often done before, he did not pull up his horses. But the moment Miss Dixon came up to him she reined in her horses, stopped, and called out:

"Won't you stay, Dr. Hill?"

He raised his hat and replied:

"I shall be happy to do so," then waiting for her to speak.

"Dr. Hill. I have been closely watching you lately, and seeing nothing but goodness and noble mindedness in your character, and believing you will make an excellent husband, I am willing to marry you."

NO OBJECTIONS.

Mr. Smith, coming all the way from Australia on the lookout for a wife, saw a young governess on board a Glasgow steamer, whom, from her kindness and attention to some children under her charge, he fancied would suit him. So he went and introduced himself, and taking a seat beside her said:

"I am fifty years of age; have an income of a thousand a year; am a total abstainer from intoxicating drink; have a good house near Melbourne, and all I want is a good wife to complete my possessions. Would you mind taking me?"

"I have no objections."

And a few weeks later they were made one.

QUAINT AND LUDICROUS PROPOSALS.

When Lord Strangeford sat down to criticise a book of travels by Miss Beaufort, he little dreamed that before long he would write to the young authoress: "I was thinking the other day about that communication from the Emperor Akbar to the King of Portugal, which contained a request for copies of the holy book of the Christians, and in which the following sentence occurs: 'In the world of humanity, which is the mirror and reflection of the world of God, there is nothing equal to love or comparable to human affection.' For many years I have felt and known this, though I never said it till to day to any one. When you next write, please give me the possessive pronoun of the first person."

Surely never was a declaration made in quainter fashion, saving perhaps, by the Scotch beadle, who led the manse housemaid to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger stammered:

"My folk is there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" Or the lugubriously humorous Irish lover, who took his girl to see the family vault, and then and there asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones.

Louise de Savoie popped the question to Bourbon, but had to take "No," for an answer, the constable courtly declaring that the disparity of years between them, and his own feeling, rendered the union impossible.

WOMEN FIND A WAY.

Cleverly cornered was the western man whose girl told him she was a mind reader; whereupon he naturally inquired if she could read what was in his mind, eliciting for reply:

"Oh, yes! You have it in your mind to ask me to be your wife; but you are just a little scared at the idea."

It is plain the notion did not scare her any more than it did the Galloway girl, who, when Jock, coming into the kitchen while she was preparing breakfast, said: "I think I'll marry ye, Jean!" Answered:

"I would be muckle obliged to ye if ye would!" and so concluded the bargain; not even stipulating like another ready lassie on accepting as sudden an offer.

"But ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that, Jamie."

The right of courtship is one out of which no woman ought to allow herself to be defrauded.

PROPOSING BY PROXY.

Little as faint heartedness in a lover may be the liking of a fair lady, it is sufficiently flattering to be condoned; but where any Caleb in search of a wife chooses to sue by delegate, he assuredly deserves to fall ignominiously. Love is not to be won by an attorney, and oftentimes the attorney has thrown his client overboard and carried off the prize himself, as happened when William Grimm went courting in his brother's behalf. Hooker escaped that risk by leaving everything, even the selection of the lady, to Mrs. Churchman, who found him a wife and achieved a son in law herself at the same time. Proposing by proxy is the rule, not the exception, in Greenland. Time was when the Greenlanders won their wives by capture but since their conversion by Danish missionaries they have become the tamest of wooers. Now a candidate for the holy state goes to a missionary, and tells him he wants a wife.

A CANDLE PROPOSAL.

Dumb declarations are in vogue too among the Boers of South Africa. Mr. Anthony Trollope tells us that when a young Boer goes a quest of a wife he puts on his best clothes, sticks a feather in his cap, provides himself with a bottle of sugar plums and a candle—a wax one if possible—mounts his horse—rides to the house holding the young woman he would honor, hangs the reins on the gate, dismounts and enters. His smart gear, his fea ther, and his candle bespeak his errand. To make the point quite clear, however, he offers the candle to the daughter of the house. If she takes it, it is lighted; the mother sticks a pin in the candle to show how long the young people may stay together without interruption, and she and everybody else retire. Mr. Trollope says a little salt is sometimes put in by somebody to make the wick burn slowly, but when the flame reaches the pin mamma comes in, the "freying" is over, and a day or two afterwards the pair are made one.

THE TEXAS WAY.

They manage these things differently in Texas. This is how a fond couple came to an understanding, according to one who pretends to know. He sits on one side of the room in a big white rocking chair, she on the other side, in a little white oak rocking chair. A long eared deer hound is by his side, a basket of sewing by hers. Both the young people rock incessantly. He sighs heavily, and looks out of the west window at a myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out of the east window at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:—

"This is mighty good weather for cotton-picking."

"'Tis that," the lady responds "if we only had any to pick." The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?" asked she.

"Coony!" Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What's he good for?"

"What's who good fer?" says he, abstractedly.

"Your dog Coony."

"For ketching 'possums!"

Silence for half an hour.

"He looks like a deer hound?"

"Who looks like a deer hound?"

"Cooney."

"He is, but he's sort o' bellowed, an gettin' old an' slow, an' he ain't no'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensues she takes two stitches in her quilt, a gorgeous affair made after the pattern called Rose of Sharon.

"Your ma raising many chickens?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair are jammed side by side and rocking is impossible.

"Makin' quilts?" he observes.

"Yes," she replies, brightening up, for she is great on quilts. "I've just finished a gorgeous Eagle of Brazil, a Setting Sun, and a Nation's Pride. Have you ever saw the Yellow Rose of the Prairie?"

"No."

More silence. Then he says:

"Dou you love cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers, of which she does not seem to be at all aware. Then he suddenly says:

"I've a great mind to bite you."

"Why would you bite me?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now, I ax you."

"Then now I has you."

Cooney dreams he hears a sound of kissing, and the next day the young man goes after a marriage license.

VISIONS OF A BLIND GIRL.

She Sees the Form of the Virgin Mary in Her Sick Room.

PHILADELPHIA, August 1.—Mary Agnes Dunn is the blind daughter of A. J. Dunn, a respectable citizen of Irish parentage, who for the last twenty one years has kept a small grocery store and resided with his wife and children at No. 4058 Market street. She is 18 years old, and, with the exception of a severe attack of the scarlet fever when in her sixth year, which totally destroyed her sight, Mary's health has been of the best. She has always received the most tender care from her parents and the rest of the family, and she has retained their warm affection, not only in her amiable and intelligent disposition, but by her extremely devout nature and her intense love and devotion to the Virgin Mary, for the Dunn family are faithful Catholics.

Five weeks ago, says the Press of this city, sorrow cast its shadow on the Dunn household; Mary became ill with diphtheria. Dr. Daniel Hughes, of Chestnut street, son of the physician who attended the family for over twenty years, was called and treated her for a few days successfully, but inflammation of the spinal column ensued, and after several fits of strong convusions she remained for over a week in a trance like stupor, from which she was at intervals, with much difficulty, sufficiently aroused to partake of a little liquid food, generally milk or ice cream. At no time did she show any further consciousness beyond the act of swallowing and clapping her hands together, except on one particular occasion when Mr. Hughes was present. She was lying on her back, to all outward appearances in a complete state of insensibility, when she suddenly opened her mouth and sang a long hymn. The Doctor is perfectly convinced that she was thoroughly unconscious while singing, nor did he succeed in awakening her until some days afterward.

Mr. Dunn, Mary's father, stated yesterday that since then she has been in a very weak and prostrate condition, and constantly under the idea that she could see apparitions of the Virgin Mary. She told her parents three Sundays ago that there would be a visible manifestation on the evening, and shortly before midnight a crowd of neighbors assembled in the house to test the proof of Mary's assertion. They were all of the Catholic persuasion, and inclined to believe that the girl's sickness had filled her brain with hallucination, but as the hour of 12 approached Mary began to pray fervently, and presently, according to her father's story, a halo of light appeared about a foot high, and the form of a woman apparently clad in white garments and attended by two kneeling angels was clearly portrayed on the whitewashed wall. The crown of the head of the vision glittered with golden rays, and above was suspended a perfectly represented crucifix. Such is the statement vouched to as having been seen by a number of respectable people in the neighborhood of Dunn's house, and by the parents, sisters and brothers of the sick girl. Since that night Mary has had three or four similar visions which have been also witnessed by her family only, as the doctor directed that strangers should not be admitted to the girl's presence at such times, as the general excitement would be detrimental to her recovery.

The facts given above were repeated yesterday by both the father and mother of the girl, and on expressing a desire to see the invalid the reporter was at once shown up stairs to where the girl was lying. There were two small cell like apartments with whitewashed walls and a communicating doorway. In each room was a full sized bed, and in one an altar decked with flowers and adorned with vases, candlesticks and a brass crucifix. In these rooms Mary passes her present existence, being removed from one bed into the other to ease her restlessness. It is in the room with the altar that the apparitions are alleged to have been seen. A soft, sweet face is Mary's, shaded with nut brown hair, the cheeks being pale, but otherwise rounded and dimpled as though in perfect health. Pinned on her night dress was an emblem of the Sacred Heart and her fingers were busy with a rosary. She put out her hand to her visitor, and in her low voice spoke of the gratitude she felt in the favor shown her by the Blessed Virgin, and said that she expected another visitation at midnight. She then told the reporter that she was recovering her sight and could partly distinguish his form.

"I will tell you how that is, sir," said Mr. Dunn. "When Mary had the fever she completely lost her sight, and four or five years ago she accidentally knocked her left eye against the edge of a chair and burst the ball. Since then the lids have remained firmly closed, she having lost the power of moving them; but on the night of the first vision, to our astonishment, she opened her eyes and gazed at the wall where the apparition appeared, and as you can see for yourself, she has recovered full use of the eyelids. She also says that she now has glimmerings of sight, and there is no doubt she can see a little as she is able to describe some of our actions."

The reporter then motioned with his hat at the foot of the bed and asked:

"Can you see me?"

"A little," replied Mary. "You are waving your hat."

"Did you see the vision of the Blessed Virgin?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes," answered the girl in a confident voice, "and I hope to see it again to-night."

The visitor was about to ask another question when Mrs. Dunn interposed and said that the doctor had ordered Mary to keep perfectly quiet. The girl continued to say her rosary on her beads, and the reporter left. Both Dunn and his wife, who are thoroughly esteemed and respected in the neighborhood, are very earnest in their allegations, and appear to regard the visions and partial restoration of sight as miracles.

A GOSPEL GOLD MINE

In the 11th and 12th verses of the second chapter of Genesis will be found the following important information:

"The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good."

The Chicago Inter-Ocean states with apparent seriousness that company of London gentlemen who have neither followed Ingersoll nor the scientists into their loose Bible notions, have organized themselves into a company to test the truth of the above sacred assurance, and the stock of the "Havilah" gold mine has actually been placed on the London market, the proprietors announcing it to be the richest in the world, and the passage from Genesis is quoted as proof of it from an inspired source.

—Alphonse Carr, referring to food adulterations in France, once said: "If I poison my grocer I shall be sent to the penitentiary, but if he poisons me he gets off with $10 fine."

—"The gutter mud of to-day," says a medical writer, "with its deadly septic organisms, becomes the dust of to-morrow, and in respiration is deposited upon the mucous membrane of the respiratory passages of those who breathe it."

ALL SORTS.

—The new kiss invented by Emma Abbott opens in front.

—A big job in the hose line—the stocking of the Merrimac.

—A tragedian is a dangerous man—he takes life so cheerfully.

—Many students burn midnight oil, but do very little midnight toil.

—It is hard to grow a beard, because each particular hair is a stub born.

—A wife must be like roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

—Bernhardt's future tomb, we learn from the New York Commercial, will be adorned with Sara phims.

—From the prices that some physicians charge, one can readily imagine that high heals are fashionable.

—Henry Watterson pronounces Talmage's sermon on water "delicious." Wonder what he would say to water itself.

—Gold ore and a deposit in the savings bank are very much the same, inasmuch as they are both money in a crude state.

—Rustic chairs are pretty objects, and as long as a man can resist the inclination to sit in them they are desirable to be about.

—Texas siftings asks: "Might we not have rain if all the politicians with clouds hanging over them were called together in convention?"

—The idea that nothing harder than diamonds could be made has been exploded, a St. Louis bride having baked a batch of biscuits.

—Here is another attempt to deprive woman of her rights. A male wretch has got up an invention to prevent the slamming of doors.

—Detroit is known as "the city of the Straits," and Chicago, bound to be different, very naturally takes the name of "the city of the crooks."

—"An' that's the Pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "The land sakes! What's the rest of his bedclothes like, I wonder!"

—"Martha, why will you leave our sercice?" "Because, madam, you are a brunette and I am a blonde. I can't take any comfort wearing your dresses."

—Although we are not troubled as the ancients were in making bricks without straw, still a straw is a great aid to a fellow desiring to put a brick in his hat.

—A young lady bearing the aristocratic cognomen of Jardine recently deserted her lover, because in an impassioned sonnet he made her name rhyme with "sardine."

—The Cincinnati Gazette openly and badly advises the female sex to hang a limb on either side of the bicycle and ride to health and story. And its editor is a deacon at that!

—Dean Swift hearing of a carpenter's falling through a scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

—A Georgia editor says: "Gold in thirty-three counties in this State, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, whiskey in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest."

—The Boston Post mentions twenty-eight different diseases to which the human tongue is liable, and for the life of us we can't see how both parties manage to dodge through campaigns as they do.

—An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him, "but I think it's better in the dark."

—There is nothing like a bicycle to put flesh on a man. A Marathon man has had one only about a week, and his left ankle is three inches larger around than it was when he first rode it.

—If Uncle Sam was mixed up in this Algerine question the name of the city of Sfax wouldn't stand fifteen minutes. He'd make sass'fax of it or get sas sfaxtion somehow or other for the trouble of sailing over there.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Some Chaps Who Had a Dollar or Two

Thousands of men have envied Astor, Stewart, Vanderbilt, Mackay, Keene, Gould, and the other fellows who can buy strawberries at $1 per box, but the richest of them are mere vagrants when compared to some of the ancients. There was Ninus, for instance. He was the son of Nimrod, the old hunter, who made lions scratch for holes and tigers take to ditches. Old Nim left his boy about £130,000,000 in cash, besides 120,000 cattle, a piece of land about as big as Arkansas, and 14,000 likely slaves. There were no lawyers in those days who made a specialty in breaking wills and gobbling estates, and young Ninus quickly took possession and cast about for some plan to keep himself out of the poor house. He was considered a poor young man, and had he been seen lugging his girl to an ice cream saloon or riding out in a livery rig, his friends would have said he would bring up in a garret. By a lucky capture of territory from the Assyrians, together with 20,000 slaves, 125,000 cattle, ten wagon loads of silver and jewels, and a few other trifles, Ninus walked up the social ladder until big bugs asked after his wife and babies and he could lose three games of billiards without wondering if the owner of the saloon would take a 'stand off.' He was worth £350 000,000 when he died, and yet for the last five years of his life he went without mutton because the price had raised to three cents per pound.

The heiress with a $50 000 bank account considers herself some pumpkins, but what a three cent piece she would have been alongside of Queen Semiramis. She not only had the lucre left by Ninus, but in ten years she had increased it four fold. Just multiply £350,000,000 by two and you have the amount of her bank balance, to say nothing of jewels and clothing and furniture and palaces and slaves and cattles. Had she sold out and cleaned up she could have drawn her little check for about £700,000,000. She didn't worry about where her spring bonnet came from, and when a new style of dress goods came out she didn't sit up nights for fear some neighbor would secure a pattern first. While she made it lively for her enemies she was soft on her friends. She gave her waiting maid half a million dollars in a lump, for dressing her hair in a new style, and she tossed the same amount to her dressmaker as a reward for the excellent fit of one particular dress. One day when she saw a poor old man traveling the highway on foot she presented him with 500 asses to ride on, and insisted on his accepting £50,000 to pay his toll and tavern bills.

Cyrus, King of Persia from the year 538 to 580, had some little change to begin with, and in ten years he could draw his check for £500,000,000. He didn't haggle over the price of a slave when a man came to buy, but presented him with 1,000. He at one time owned 30,000 horses, 40,000 cattle, 200,000 sheep, 15,000 asses and 25,000 slaves, and when he got tired of a palace costing £1,000,000 he gave it away to some poor washerwoman with seven children to support. He one day sat down to a dinner which had cost £30 000, and in the afternoon he went on a £50,000 drunk. The police didn't run him in, or he would doubtless have insisted on paying a fine of £20,000 and presenting his Honor with a corner house and lot in the toniest part of Babylon.

King Menes was another well heeled man. It was too much trouble to count his cash, and so he weighed it. One day when an old friend asked him for the loan of a few dollars until Saturday night he sent him a procession of sixty asses, each animal loaded with 150 pounds of gold coin. He paid £100,000 for a bird which could whistle, the same for a trick dog, and he had such a fondness for white oxen that he shelled out £25,000 apiece for them, and at one time he had a drove of 2,000. When he got out with the boys he made things lively. During one spree in his city of Memphis, he gave away £500,000, and didn't get dead drunk at that. At one time he had 600,000 gold chains, 1,000,000 finger rings, 100,000 costly swords, 300,000 daggers, and land only knows how many fish lines, jack knives, cork screws and tobacco boxes. His wife had £1,000,000 a year as pin money, and when his eldest son went up to Thebes to see the elephant, he was followed by 500 friends, 1,000 slaves, 2,000 horses and £500,000 for fare checks and beer money.

HOW NOT TO TAKE COLD

Dr. Beverly Robinson, in a paper on "Colds and their consequences," gives the following good practical suggestions:

If you start to walk home from a down town office, and carry your coat on your arm because the walking makes you feel warm, you are liable to take cold. Therefore, don't do it. If you should take the same walk after eating a hearty dinner, your full stomach would be a protection to you, but even then my advice would be, do not take the risk. A person properly clothed may walk in a strong wind for a long time without taking cold, but if he sits in a room where there is a slight draught, he may have a very severe cold in a few minutes. Therefore, do not sit where there is a draught.

Warm mufflers worn about the neck do not protect you against taking cold, but on the contrary render you extremely liable to take cold as soon as you take them off. They make the throat tender.

Ladies ought to wear warmer flannel under clothing than they do now, if one may judge from the articles one sees hanging in the windows of the shops. People take cold from inhaling cold air throug their mouth oftener, perhaps than by any other way. Ladies dress themselves up in heavy furs, go riding in their carriages, and when they get home they wonder where they got that cold. It was by taking in the cold open air, and thus exposing the mucous membranes of the throat. The best protection under the circumstances, is to keep the mouth shut. If people must keep their mouths open in a chilly atmosphere, they ought to wear fitter.

Above all, be careful of your feet in cold, damp weather. Have thick soles on your shoes, and if caught out in a rain which lasts so long as to wet through your shoes despite the thick soles, put on dry stockings as soon as you get home. But in cold wet slushy weather don't be caught out without over shoes. Rubbers are unhealthy, unless care is taken to remove them as soon as you get under shelter. They arrest all evaporation through the pores of the leather. Cork soles are a good invention.

When you go into your house or your office, after being out in the cold, don't go at once and stick yourself by the register, but take off your coat, walk up and down the room a little, and get warm gradually. Warming yourself up over a register just before going out in the cold is one of the worst things you can do. Never take a hot toddy to warm you up unless you are at home and don't expect to go out of the house again until the following morning. In short make some use of your common sense, and thus emulate the lower animals.

A LADY LAWYER'S RETORT.

Judge Tylor, of San Francisco, is well known to the bar of that city as a most formidable opponent, both forensically and physically, as many a learned counsel upon the other side has found out to his sorrow.

The Judge, who is so used to dominating his brethren of the bar, recently met his match in the lady lawyer of San Francisco, Clara S. Foltz, who clipped his wing in a manner that well nigh suffocated him. The story is too good to be lost.

The cause of Tyler v. The Hibernia Savings Bank was pending before one of the city courts, involving the right to a certain deposit of funds in said bank. Tyler was his own attorney, and Mrs. Foltz was attorney for the bank. It seems that Tyler had a little bit of sharp practice, was trying to ring in a cold deck in the shape of a default that had been erroneously dated, the admission of which by the Judge upon the bench would have sent the defendant out of court. Mrs. Foltz showed up the matter satisfactorily to the court and the default was promptly set aside. This nettled Judge Tyler considerably, and turning to the lady counsel he said sharply, in a manner intended to be intensely oppressive, that "counsel had better be engaged in other business," that "a woman's place was at home raising her children."

The words were scarcely uttered before Mrs. Foltz rose in her queenly way, and, flashing her blue eyes straight into the Judge's florid face, she quietly remarked: "A woman had better be engaged in almost any business than in raising such men as you are, sir."

The Court commanded order, but in a tone that seemed to appreciate the justice of the retort, while a number of lawyers in court, some of whose heads Judge Tyler has held in "chancery" on former occasions, came near exploding with suppressed laughter.

The counsel turned white with anger and groaned in spirit, but concluded that it was but to drop the subject then and there.—San Jose Mercury.

A SKYE TERRIER'S TERROR.

(New York Sun.)

Mr. E. H. Coffey, of No. 87 Wall street, has a little Skye terrier with a brown, silky fleece. While on his way to Jersey City on Wednesday afternoon, on the Brooklyn annex boat Erie, Mr. Coffey had his little dog with him. It frisked about the deck, and was petted by the ladies. As the boat was rounding the Battery the heavy thunder storm that came up drove the passengers into the saloon. Mr. Coffey missed his pet, and, hunting about for him, saw the little fellow dashing frantically about the deck out in the rain. Mr. Coffey was just about sallying out to pick it up when a sudden blast from the steam whistle seemed to drive the little animal wild with fear. Mr. Coffey shouted to a deck hand to catch him, but the man thought that the dog had gone mad, and got out of the way. Before Mr. Coffey could reach him, another blast from the whistle scared the little fellow so badly that he ran across the deck and plunged into river. A strong tide was running, and the little fluffy brown object was soon lost to the view of the crowd who sorrfully watched his struggles. About an hour afterward a deck hand on a Communipaw ferry boat, while off Bedloe's island, saw what he took to be the soft brown hair of an infant's head bobbing in the water. He raised the alarm, "Child overboard!" A boat was lowered, and the waif was rescued. It was nearly exhausted, and lay almost motionless while the passengers patted his little wet body. Yesterday the deck hand saw an advertisement from Mr. Coffey describing his loss. He took the dog to Mr. Coffey's office, where it was at once identified, and the deck hand received heartfelt thanks and a reward.

A TEMPERANCE DRINK.

Among the thirsty ones yesterday hunting up and down Woodward avenue for something to quench thirst was a man in rusty black, who entered a drug store and softly inquired:

"Have you a temperance drink?"

"Two or three of 'em. Will you take soda water or ginger ale?"

"Well, now, our society does not regard either of those as a strictly temperance drink. Both are associated with stronger liquors."

"Suspicious—suspicious," was the whispered reply.

"Ah! I've got it now!"

"Ah!"

"I can give you a straight temperance drink as cool as ice, but it comes high."

"How much?"

"Ten cents a glass."

"Very well," said the old man, as he put down his dime.

The druggist was absent only a minute and then returned and placed a glass of liquid before him. The old man drank half of it, smacked his lips and asked:

"May I ask what you call it?"

"Certainly; it is called water. I just drew it from the hydrant."

The excursionist set the glass down much harder than he needed to, buttoned his coat, and with a glance meant to reduce the druggist's weight to 120 pounds in five seconds marched out as stiff as a bean-pole, and crossed the street after a lemonade flavored with peppermint essence.—M. Quad.

—It took a drunk man just 16½ minutes, by the watch, to get up from the James street sidewalk, near Cannon, where he had fallen last evening. He had just managed to stand himself upright when a cop appeared and he was run-ned in.

CROP REPORT, 1881.

Province of Ontario.

WHITBY, ONT., August 1, 1881.

During the last few years, Canadian farmers generally have been paying more attention than formerly, to the fattening of cattle and to dairy products; hence, a large increase of meadow and pasture lands, and no considerable annual increase in the acreage devoted to grain crops.

The season of 1880 81 has been a peculiar one. The winter set in very early, and lasted very late, with severe cold weather. The month of April was unusually dry, with constant biting winds which threatened total destruction to the fall wheat and hay crops. Fortunately, owing to the heavy snow falls, the ground had been saturated to a great depth with a large amount of moisture, which kept the roots of the plants in a far more healthy state than the appearance on the ground indicated. In many parts of the Province a considerable portion of fall wheat was plowed up, and put into other grains, principally barley and peas. While the month of April was so unfavorable to fall wheat and hay, it was most propitious for sowing all kinds of spring grains, which were early, in splendid condition. Immediately after spring sowing was over, almost all parts of the Province were blessed with copious showers and genial weather, and the crops generally have progressed wonderfully, even fall wheat and hay turning out an average crop, and spring wheat, barley, oats, peas and the root crops affording promise of more than average yield.

HAY has been a very uneven crop. In some of the largest counties west of Hamilton the crop, especially on old meadows, has been very light; but, in counties bordering on Lake Ontario and River St. Lawrence, and north of them, the crop has been a large one in most places, and, in many counties, as large as ever was harvested. With a good deal of old hay still on hand, with a large average crop of new hay, and an immense growth of straw on fall and spring grains, there is an abundant supply of food and fodder for our horses and cattle, and, in many places, a large surplus of hay for export if a market offers for it.

FALL WHEAT.—This crop, like the hay crop, has proved very uneven. After making allowance for the proportion plowed up, this spring and last spring, there is found to be a considerable increase in the acreage for harvest this year over last. The general method of estimating the extent of a crop, by extracting an average from any given number of reports gathered from all kinds of quarters, irrespective of the importance of each report, is apt to prove very delusive; as a report from say five points in one section may be of more relative importance than five points in ten other sections, inasmuch as the acreage in the one seccion may equal or exceed the acreage in the other ten sections. In this report, due value will be attached, as nearly as may be, to the relative importance of each return.

From a careful review of the different reports I have seen, as to fall wheat, it appears that in the townships bordering on the lakes from Collingwood round to Windsor, the crop is deficient in yield as compared with last year; from Windsor to Port Burwell, both large acreage and good yield are reported; from Port Burwell to Wellandport, the acreage is above the average, but the yield very deficient. Through the counties of Lincoln, Welland, Wentworth, Halton, Peel, Cardwell, Dufferin, Middlesex, Oxford, Wellington, Waterloo and Brant, large acreage and good crops are reported. In the large counties of Perth and Grey, an average acreage and deficient yield are returned. In the important counties of York, Simcoe, Ontario, Peterborough and Victoria, there is a larger acreage and a better crop than in Northumberland, about same acreage as last year, with a better yield. East of Northumberland county, the quantity of fall wheat raised is not of sufficient importance to be taken into consideration. As has been already remarked, the fall wheat crop has been very uneven; in some of the largest fall wheat producing counties, the yield is reported very deficient from last year; in other equally important counties a large yield and fine quality are reported; in most of the other counties, both acreage and yield and quality are reported better than last year. The conclusion is that, on the whole, the product of this year will be considerably larger in bushels, and of a better quality, than in 1880.

SPRING WHEAT.—Owing to the general failure of this crop during the last few years, especially in some of the counties which formerly were large producers of this grain, there was a large general decrease in spring wheat acreage this year. At present the crop promises well for a large yield; but, the injury sustained from midge or from rust has yet to be ascertained.

Last year, about this time, this crop looked very promising; but the result was very disappointing, it having suffered from blight caused from excessive heat and from rust, and also from ravages of the midge. Taking into consideration all the surroundings connected with both fall and spring wheat—acreage, and yield so far as harvested and present appearance of spring wheat—it seems altogether probable that this year's crop will slightly exceed that of last year as to quantity, and that the general quality will be better.

BARLEY.—With very few exceptions, every county in the Province reports acreage fully equal to or considerably larger than last year. The exceptions are not important, as they have occurred only in a few counties where very little barley is raised. The weather during seeding time until the crop was nearly ready for harvesting was most favorable, the growth being if anything too luxuriant, leading to too much straw. The weather during the two last weeks has not been quite so favorable. During week before last, there were a few days of intense heat which caused some barley to ripen too quickly; at other points, heavy showers of rain caused this grain to lodge. A large part of the crop was cut from the 20th to 25th July, only a small portion of which was housed without rain. During the last ten days a great deal of barley has been lying in the fields, bound and unbound, exposed to almost daily showers of rain, which must have stained it to more or less extent; the amount of damage sustained in this way will not be ascertained until threshing discloses it. Probably half of the crop is still uncut. Taking the increased acreage into account, and the very favorable appearance of the crop up to maturity, it seems safe to conclude that the quantity of barley raised this year will exceed that of any former crop; that the bulk of it will be plump, heavy barley, and, if not exactly "bright" in color, it is not as yet badly stained, and, with a few days of good weather, will be all secured as good, sound malting barley.

OATS—The acreage this year does not vary materially from last year. The yield per acre promises to exceed the average.

PEAS—In some counties this crop has suffered so much of late years from bugs that the acreage has been gradually reduced, so that there are now very few peas raised. In other counties, especially where black-eye peas are raised, there has been a large increase in the acreage. The season has been very favorable, and there is a fair promise of a large crop and of fine quality.

ROOTS—Potatoes, turnips, and other root crops, promise splendidly.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

TORN TO PIECES.

From the Silver Cliff, Col., Republican.

Mr. William Nues, who has been prospecting on the range near Humboldt gulch, was set upon by a bear last Friday and literally torn to pieces. The attack was made at noon, while Mr. Nues was engaged in preparing his dinner. It seems that he was stooping over the fire when he heard a muttering noise from behind, but before he could turn a monster she bear sprang upon him and a desperate struggle ensued. Nues fought as best he could, but being unarmed he was unable to make much defense and before the struggle had ended the bear had torn away nearly all the scalp, besides lacerating the flesh on his right arm into shreds and tearing away chunks of flesh from the left leg below the knee. After being so horribly wounded Mr. Nues walked three miles to the cabin of Mr. Sam Isabel in the valley. A messenger was at once dispatched for Dr. Shoemaker, who left immediately for Isabel's ranch. The doctor found the man in a terrible condition, being one mass of wounds from which the blood was flowing in streams.

The man was conscious and told the story of the awful struggle to the doctor while he prepared to bind up his wounds. No chloroform was administered, and during the operation, occupying nearly six hours, the man remained conscious and never complained by even a murmur. The doctor states that he took fifty-two stitches in the head and face alone, and never in all his experience did he witness such nerve and fortitude as was shown by this man during the sewing up of his wounds. This morning the patient was still alive, but Dr. Shoemaker states that he can hardly recover. Mr. Nues says that the old bear was accompanied by two cubs of about one month's growth. He stated that his pick was almost within reach, but he was unable to get to it before the bear had him in her clutches. Mr. Nues is a widower with two children, and lives on a ranche, the third one from the cheese factory toward the range.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF STOCK SPECULATION.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

The excitement with which stock speculation binds its votaries, and even those who participate in none of its losses or gains, but are merely parts of the machinery necessary to the conduct of the intoxicating game, is illustrated in the remark of a broker's clerk, who said the other day, "If my salary here was barely enough to pay my board and washing, and if by leaving the street I could get a position that would pay me $2,500 a year, I would stay where I am. There is a fascination about it which makes all other employments dull and tiresome." Mere lookers on, who never have had at one time, probably never will have, and scarcely hope to have money enough to buy out right a single share, also catch the fever and hang around the tape, watching the fluctuations; are depressed and elated by turns as stocks go up and down, curse the cliques and damn the railroads with as much earnestness and emphasis as though they had thousands at stake on the turn of a point, and they actually do come to feel that they have a substantial, not a mere sentimental interest in the struggle of giants and pigmies which is going on, but in which really they have no part or lot whatever. "What is the most approved system for operating in stocks to make money?" asked a novice of an old broker the other day.

"There is no system," replied the man of experience. "When you have figured out a system that will beat a faro bank you can return your inventive mind to the Stock Exchange. Go it blind. That is the only system that I am acquainted with."

"But if a fellow goes slow and keeps cool, can't he get rich in a few years?"

"Yes; but you can't go slow and keep cool. As soon as you begin to make money you go wild; that is, the average man does. You may make a fortune in a day and you may lose one. I saw a man make $35,000 the other day in a few hours and he has got it yet. If he concludes that he has got enough he will salt it down. If he makes up his mind to be a millionaire he may have a seat on the Houdon next year, or he may be in the almshouse."

It was a dull day and the broker entertained the little group of customers that were gathered in his back parlor by recounting some incidents that had taken place within his own knowledge since the boom began in 1879.

"There was," said the financier lighting a fresh cigar and handing around the box, which stood on the table, "a little Dutch shoemaker—no, you can hardly call him a shoemaker, he was a cobbler, mended old shoes and worked in a cellar—who had scraped together by years of hard labor and economy between three and four thousand dollars. He came down one day in his shirt sleeves, with his face smeared with lamp-black and his fingers stuck up with wax, put up his money, which he had in gold, on the table, and ordered him to buy a thousand shares of Wabash. He got it for 16. The little cobbler used to come down occasionally as the stock kept going up, still in his black face, stinky fingers, coatless and collarless. He would stand around awhile, look at the quotations and go away. When she reached 45 his broker begged him to sell and make sure of a snug little fortune. "No," replied Dutchy, "I never dot shtock till she goes to the bar." One day he came down cleaned up and dressed up. "Hello, shoemaker," said a gentleman to whom his face had become familiar.

"I am not a shoemaker any more, I dank you," replied the holder of Wabash, waving him off with mock contempt; I am a gapitalist.' His broker kept begging him to sell and finally a few months ago he closed out at something over 80." He put the money into real estate and hasn't been seen since."

Before the company had got through expressing their admiration and envy of the cobbler the broker began.

"One of the big Third street wholesale houses had a salesman in New York to whom they paid $2,500 a year. He was a relative of the Chief, had been a merchant himself, and had failed. He was a shrewd, quiet little fellow and an excellent salesman. But during 1879 the firm discovered that there was something wrong with their New York salesman. He was not making good sales nor many of them. So one of the firm went over to see what was the matter. His office was locked up and his neighbors said he was seldom at the office and only staid a minute or two when he did come. Finally they met and the employer took the employe to task.

"I'll tell you what I'll do' said the salesman; 'I'll throw off my last quarter's salary and will call it square.' This was satisfactory and they parted. The salesman has since retired with a million and a half in United States bonds. The story was briefly this: He had borrowed $5,000 and bought North west at 60. He sold it for 93. That was his first operation. When the great November break came he was out of the market, with $300,000 in the bank. When things steadied a little he bought for every cent he had, got out again on top; bought a beautiful place on the river, put a million and a half in governments and quit."

"Tell us about a disaster to counteract the effect of such a villainous story as that," said a lean man with a bald head.

"I could tell you of twenty; yes a hundred," said the broker; "but here is an order which I must attend to," and he stepped into the next room and began to talk in a low tone to a young man sitting at a telegraph instrument, and the company went away with anger and envy and hunger in their hearts.

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY.

Uncle Pleasant Batkins is 60 and his wife 72. The other day a friend said: "Uncle Pleasant, why in the mischief did you marry a woman nearly old enough to be your mother?" "You see, boy," he replied, with a sigh, "I was wurkin' for Long John Freeman, in Hanover, when I was jest eighteen, and Mary Ann Russ, old Mrs. Russ's only daughter, was thirty if she was a day. At every quiltin' she used to chuse me for her partner, and everybody said it 'peared like she wur a courtin' me. She gimme four pair of cotton socks and a heap of things, but still I didn't have any notion of her. Well, one Christmas eve, I went to the old woman's, and had hardly set down before Sary Ann brought me some sweet potato pie, which she knowed I was monstrous fond of. While I was eatin' it, I heard the old woman up stairs a countin silver

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1881.

HON. HECTOR LANGEVIN, Minister of Public Works, will make an official tour through Ontario next week. Stratford, Kincardine, Southampton and other places will be visited.

HON. SENATOR BELL, of Hamilton, died on Friday last, aged 57 years. The deceased was distinguished for many good qualities. Prior to being called to the Senate, he had held a seat in the Legislative Council.

THE Land Bill has at last passed the House of Lords, and a crisis is averted. No one, however, appears to be satisfied with it, and about the most likely fruit which it is destined to bear will be to cause the retirement of the "people's William" to the cold shades of opposition.

THE President's health continues to be the cause of great anxiety. On Monday his condition was reported by the doctors as exceedingly precarious. In England a report of his death was circulated, and some of the English press published obituary notices. Although hopes of his recovery are still entertained, his chances are none of the best, and the American people may be called upon at any moment to mourn the untimely death of their President.

THE election in Argentuil took place on Wednesday, and resulted in the return of the Conservative candidate, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, by a majority of four hundred votes. The constitutency was made vacant by the unseating of Mr. Abbott, on the ground of bribery by an agent. The Grit candidate, Dr. Christie, was championed by the artful dodgers, Messrs. Huntington and Laflamme, who, it may be conjectured, left no stone unturned in their endeavors to capture the constitutency. The result can afford them and the pairty but little comfort. Faith in the Government and its policy is evidently not so easily shaken in Quebec.

TORONTO *Evening News*: The Judicature Act comes into operation next Monday. It is hoped that the members of the legal profession have devoted their vacation to the study of the new practice, and are now quite familiar with its intricacies, but it is doubtful. Those who are not may expect to find themselves tripped up occasionally by sharp-witted opponents. One of Mr. Mowat's ostensible objects in passing the Act was to render litigation less expensive. We trust that he has accomplished his laudable purpose. At present a man had better sell all he hath and give it to the poor than defend his rights in a law court. But it will be a miracle if a measure emanating from a Cabinet of lawyers should cheapen the profession's stock in trade, or lessen materially the extravagant fees by which much is obtained for little or nothing.

A TRIP TO THE NORTH-WEST.

LETTER NO. III.

Brandon, N. W. T., Aug. 2, 1881.

This city of six weeks of age is a marvel. It is situated on the south bank of the Assiniboine river, on Range 19, west, Township 10, section 23. The river flows eastward; is at the present very high, and in some places flowing over the low banks. The current is rapid and full of peculiar whirlpools, making it dangerous for persons falling into it. In front of Brandon are several islands, covered with woods, and the edges of the river all along are hedged with willows and brush—not a very inviting river by any means. The site for the town of Brandon rises up from the river to a considerable height, making the cross streets running south quite steep, the ground for some distance from the river being one mass of boulder stones. Higher up there is good gravel for road making, and still higher, on the summit, good building sand. A straggling looking village can be seen below. Already some 1500 lots have been sold, and the purchasers who build, being anxious to make their property valuable, rush up a building in the roughest manner. They thus scatter the buildings over a large part of the beautiful prairie forming its site. There is said to be seventeen stores, about as many taverns and restaurants, boarding houses and tents, large and small. The chief hotels are in large tents; and many of the best stores also. Some of the tents are comfortable, say 25 x 40 feet, and divided by partitions of the same material. Mr. A. Fisher, formerly of Wingham, is busy with several workmen putting in the machinery into a planing mill, which he hopes to have running in three weeks. There is also a flouring mill in course of construction, as well as a couple of saw mills. The saw mills are expected to be supplied with logs floated down the river about 400 miles. Lots on the principal streets, 25 x 130 feet, range from $200 to $600, and have changed hands at such fancy prices, and the denizens in this embryo city seem hopeful, speculative and happy. The valley stretches east and west on the opposite side of the river in simple grandeur; open prairie, studded here and there with clumps of foliage, somewhat resembling orchards. The great difficulty in all this country to my mind is its scarcity of wood. It is said by those who live here that the climate is superior to that of Ontario. Mr. Thos. Babb, formerly of Mitchell, at whose house we called yesterday, seems to like the country, though his wife and daughters would prefer Mitchell. He says that his sons have secured some good land, and certainly they live in a romantic place. If there is one thing more than another that impresses a traveller in this country it is the perfect contentment and hopefulness of settlers, and the careless manner in which they inform you that they intend to sell out their improvements and move still farther west some 1000 miles or so. Yesterday we passed through Big Plains, where we saw many fine farms, and as fine crops of wheat, barley, oats and potatoes as I ever saw. The soil is light, however, and grass for winter feed scarce. Wood is about 9 or 10 miles distant. Mr. Duntar, formerly a mechanic in Goldie & McCulloch's shops in Galt, three years ago took up a homestead of 160 acres, and preempted 160 more. The homestead is well improved with good fences and fairly good buildings. He wants $7,000 for his right, and will not take less. The country, so far as we have gone, is all taken up, although but comparatively small portions are cultivated, in many cases speculators owning large blocks. Here at Brandon two townships have been taken up since May, not a settler having been here before that date. The change in the course of the railway causes immigrants to follow the surveyors. I forgot to mention that the C. P. R. is graded this far, and a pile bridge is to be immediately constructed across the river to run construction trains over until the permanent bridge is built. The Syndicate are pushing their road very fast, and already trains are running 32 miles west of Portage la Prairie. It is conceded by all that they are building a first-class road, and the immigrants that follow, and the towns that rise like magic, show that people have faith in the country. Our party, consisting of Jas. Trow, M. P., Thomas Trow, J. W. Scott, J. A. Halsted and the writer, are in excellent health. We pitched our tent for the first time last night; had a comfortable sleep; prepared our supper and breakfast, and good appetites made up for any lack of luxury. Some Ontario ladies that I know would smile, perhaps, at our operations, but we are happy. To-morrow we start for Fort Ellice, on the south side of the river. Every one of our party is happy, and each does his share for the comfort of all. Thomas Trow particularly, from his knowledge of the country, and his experience in the North-west, has contributed largely to our services and comfort. While writing this paragraph a man called upon us who came here with $20,000 worth of goods to set up a store, and finds now more stores than customers. Naturally he feels sick of his venture, and must move away with his goods or suffer great loss. Brandon is over done. Goods are sold cheaper here than at Winnipeg. Lumber is brought from the Lake of the Woods and from Minneapolis, and is sold dressed from $38 to $50 a thousand; 8 light windows, framed and glazed, 10 x 12 glass, $3; panel doors, $2.75 to $5; lime 40 cts per bushel, and sand and stone plenty; brick is being made, but none ready; cheese from Ingersoll, 20 cts., biscuits, 10 cts.; T. & B. tobacco 25 cts.; tea about the same as in Ontario; good ground coffee, 20 cts; spiced hams, canvas covered, from 16 to 18 cts; carpenters get about $3 a day. There are about 40 tents of us, all in a row. Mechanics, speculators, merchants, immigrants, members of Parliament, bankers and colonels; and while I am writing this last sentence, Mr. Romenich, formerly of Listowel, walked into our tent, looking just as he used to. He is building one of the mills now going up for a company.

D. D. CAMPBELL.

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The Montreal Express Thrown from the Track.—Instant Death of the Engineer.

PRESCOTT, Aug 13.—A terrible accident occurred on the Grand Trunk railway at 3.30 this morning, which resulted in the instant death of the engineer, the serious wounding of the fireman, baggage-master, two express messengers, and various injuries to a number of passengers. The train was the 10 p. m. express from Montreal to Toronto, and consisted of six Pullman sleepers, four first and second-class cars, postal express, and baggage cars. The cars were well filled with returning excursionists from Montreal, who were nearly all asleep. The train arrived at Prescott Junction on time, and the Ottawa sleeper was there attached to it. After leaving Prescott there is a down grade, and soon the train was going fast. About half a mile an

OBSTRUCTION WAS ENCOUNTERED,

and the locomotive jumped the track, carrying the tender, baggage, mail, express, smoking, and two passenger cars with it. They ran on the ties fully a thousand yards, when the engine ran down an embankment. The tender passed it by, and, together with the express car, landed on the other side of the track. The baggage car went still further on, and the body was thrown off alongside the fence. In fact every car, except the sleepers, were thrown upside down. The express car was turned into kindling wood, while nothing remains of the tender but a few pieces of iron. It was wonderful

HOW THE PASSENGERS ESCAPED DEATH.

When the passengers recovered from their fright, search was made for those who occupied the forward cars. The engineer, John O. Howarth, of Montreal, was found with his arm around the whistle of the locomotive, having blown it twice before he met his sad end. He was a horrible sight. The fireman, Wm Taylor, of Montreal, was discovered in the field alive, but insensible. Robert Scarlet, of Toronto, baggage master, was also found insensible, but soon recovered. His shoulder was dislocated and arm sprained. How the two express messengers, Arthur King, of Toronto, and Wm. Mackenzie, of Hamilton, escaped with their lives is a mystery. Their car was smashed to splinters, and Mackenzie, although injured himself, bravely rescued his partner. Both are injured internally. The second-class passengers got badly shaken up, and they escaped through the windows of the upset cars. One French woman

THREW HER TWO CHILDREN THROUGH THE WINDOW,

first breaking it with her hands, and cutting herself severely. S. P. Hartshorn, of Holton, Mich., was injured in the back and internally. Others suffered from sprains and bruises. How the passengers escaped with such a small number of casualties is utterly surprising when the appearance of the wreck is taken into consideration. The cause of the accident was a cow, which was struck by the engine, and carried along until it dropped partly into a cattle guard, and stuck there. From the point where the engine caught the cow to where it jumped the track, and now lies imbedded in the soil, is a considerable distance. The track was torn up for 60 or 70 feet.

A HORRIBLE MURDER.

Fatal Ending of a Charivari Near Ottawa—An Old Man Decoyed from His House and Beaten to Death.

Ottawa, August 11.—One of the most horrible murders known in the annals of Ottawa's history was committed this morning in Mount Sherwood, a southern suburb of the city. The tragedy was enacted about two o'clock this morning, but nothing was known of the bloody work until about seven, when

THE DISFIGURED BODY

was discovered on the roadside, just outside the city limits, by a farmer on his way to market. The particulars are as follows:—For some time past James Wetherall aged 70 years, a widower, and Margaret Dougherty, a widow, aged 50, had been keeping company with each other, the outcome of the intimacy being a matrimonial union, which was legalized last night at the residence of a Mrs. Cooper, where the widow had been visiting, by the Rev. Mr. White, Presbyterian minister at Rochesterville. When it was ascertained that the nuptial knot had been tied the small boys of the place gathered together, and armed with pots, pans, horns, etc., calculated to produce discordant sounds, began to demonstr te. They kept up a perfect Pandimonium for several hours, after which the leader confronted the aged bridegroom and demanded a dollar. He complied, and the crowd, after being treated, dispersed at 9.45. Everything remained quiet for a while, and the happy couple congratulated themselves on being let off so easily. About 10.30 however, a number of grown up roughs, hearing of the success of the boys, made a demand for $2. This was refused, and

THE CHARIVARI BEGAN IN REAL EARNEST

again, lasting until 2 o'clock this morning, during which time stones were freely thrown. At 2.10 o'clock the bride says two men broke open the door and demanded $2. Her husband told them to leave instantly, or he would strike them with a stick which he held in his hand. They laughed at him, and said they were bound to hold the fort until the money was forthcoming. At this Wetherall raised the stick and struck one of them over the shoulders. They both left and the old man followed them. Nothing more was seen of him until this morning, when his

LIFELESS FORM WAS PICKED UP

by the farmer a short distance away from Mrs. Cooper's house, on another street. Coroner Robitaille was immediately notified, and had the body removed to a suitable place, where a jury was empanelled. An inquest is now in progress. Death is supposed to have been produced by a wound on the back of the left ear, caused by a blow from a stick or stone. The affair has created great excitement in the suburb, and is the general topic of conversation, and the city police are working up the case. The Carleton County Council being too mercenary to pay a county constable recently on the score of economy, they dispensed with the services of Officer Gorman, an efficient man, and since that time roughs in all the country villages have had things pretty much their own way. No arrests have as yet been made, but it is more than probable that the two young men will be in custody shortly.

LATER—SEVERAL ARRESTS MADE.

The police believe that they have secured the guilty parties in the Wetherall murder case at Ottawa. Their names are respectively Kelly, O'Brien, McLaren and Berry, all young men from 16 to 22 years of age. The confessions they severally make render it almost certain that they were present at the murder, but the two first named accuse the others of having actually done the deed, and *vice versa*.

ARRAIGNMENT OF THE PRISONERS.

Ottawa, Aug. 15.—The four prisoners, Berry, McLaren, O'Brien and Kelly, charged with the murder of Wetherall, were arraigned at the police court this morning. They were remanded until after the inquest, which will be resumed on Thursday. The other young men charged with the minor offence of riotous conduct were similarly dealt with. It is understood that others will be arrested this afternoon. The list numbers about thirty.

NEW FEATURES FROM AUSTRALIA.

From the San Francisco Daily Examiner.

COLE'S CIRCUS.—The pavilion at the corner of Seventh and Market streets was filled to the limit of its seating capacity last night to witness the initial performance of this mammoth show. The menagerie has been considerably enlarged since it left here on its tour around the world, by the addition of some of the wonderful birds and animals of the antipodes, and include a white buffalo from India, the Maori war dancers, Arabian athletes, kangaroos, ostriches and other Australian curiosities. The grand entree with its camels, elephants, ladies, knights in armor, and electric light shining on the spangles and the brilliant accoutrements, was a sight which brought forth applause from the audience. The wonderful performance which George Conkling puts his trained elephants through, was well done. The act consisting of running a bicycle on a wire suspended across the dome of the circus, caused a thrill to run through the spectators, and was performed by John Murtz, George Dunbar and Adelaide d'Attalia. The battoute leaping by the corps of athletes showed to what perfection human muscle can be brought by training, some of the members doing a double somersault in masterly style. William Organ then introduced his trick horses, Humboldt and Hindoo, the former doing some wonderful jumping. The equestrian acts of Woods Cook and Mlle. Adelaide were well executed. It is a notable fact that none but bare-back riders are engaged, and these are champions of their calling. W. O'Dale Stevens, with his dancing globes and electric table seemed to meet with the approbation of the audience. Miss Linda Jeal did a daring bare-back hurdle act, leaping with her horse Salamander through great circles of fire. The troupe of six trained stallions made their bow to the audience next, and were put through their part of the performance by William Organ, which includes waltzing on their legs, setting down on chairs, and other difficult and ingenious tricks. Taken together the circus is the most meritorious one that has been here for a good many years. The acrobats and riders are excellent, the animals well trained and the clowns have picked up some new jokes during their travels in foreign lands. It should be remembered that this mammoth and mighty exhibition is to give performances in Listowel on Thursday September 1st, afternoon and evening.

CROWNED WITH TRIUMPH.

An Interesting Sight—Cole's Circus Meets with Hearty Recognition.

BIG RAPIDS, Mich., Aug. 13.—To day the city was literally jammed with thousands of visitors who were attracted from all parts of the country to witness W. W. Cole's circus and menagerie, which has just returned to America from an extended tour in foreign lands. The promises made by the manager were somewhat extravagant, but the 20,000 people who saw the great show to-day unanimously affirm that it is the grandest and best tent exhibition that ever travelled. Mr Cole speaks in the most flattering terms as to his reception abroad, and seems heartily pleased with English rule and English people. The mammoth organization will soon make a grand tour of Canada. Many wonders are exhibited which have not heretofore been seen in this part of the world. The Maori war dancers and the aerial bicycle riders are prominent features.

STRATFORD.

The Messrs. Scrimgeur have been awarded the contract to remodel and re juvenate Knox church.

At the recent intermediate examination of High School pupils the following passed the said examination:—Alex. Dow, Emma Crosson, Retta Preston, Jessie Duncan, Alice Flynn, Maria McFadden.

On Wednesday last another of Stratford's citizens packed his trunk and went west, in the person of Mr. Harry McIntosh (of Messrs. Hodgins & McIntosh, Albion Hotel). He has leased the Anglo-American Hotel at Emerson, Manitoba—the "Gateway City."

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

This year's sale of live stock and grain at the Experimental Farm will be held on Thursday, 8th September.

Improvements are constantly being made in the manufacture of steel pens. Esterbrook's are of superior excellence. For sale by all stationers.

A coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Vankoughnet, the man suspected of having murdered farmer Richardson at Loughboro'. The alleged assassin is still at large.

According to the official report from Washington on the state of the United States crops, spring wheat is 81 per cent. of the average, tobacco somewhat lower than it was last year, and corn 77 per cent. of the average.

The head master of one of the Collegiate Institutes says many of his pupils who are plucked in the recent examinations were better fitted to pass than many who did. Loose reading of the papers is hinted at, and those who feel aggrieved are advised to appeal.

Mr. L. R. Bolton, an old and respected resident of Bolton Village, died suddenly on the 7th inst., while engaged in teaching his class in Sunday School. The deceased contested the county of Cardwell twice unsuccessfully in the Reform interest. He died in his 50th year, and at the time of his death he held the position of Commissioner and Clerk of the Court.

The last addition to the list of Canadian crimes has rarely been surpassed in cold-blooded cruelty. The victim was John Richardson, a farmer in Loughboro' township. He was barbarously shot down by some unknown person from behind, the charge of buckshot riddling his heart and side. The suspicion rests on a neighbor, who has disappeared, and an inquest has been opened which may elicit the truth concerning the bloody deed.

There is a marked contrast between the condition of the crops in several of the American States and Territories and those of the provinces of the Dominion and its North West Territory. In Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, and other cereal centres there is not half a crop, while excellent reports are received from all points of the Dominion. The crops in our North-West are declared to be very large.

Mr. R. M. Hamilton, recently teacher at Robb's school house, Downie, has passed the University of Toronto matriculation examination.

THE BEST THING YET.—Instantaneous Ink and Stain Extractor and Obliterator. Removes grease spots, ink and stains of all descriptions from cloth and paper. Warranted harmless to paper, hands, or clothing. Can be had at Dr. Michener's book and drug store. Sole agent for Listowel.

Use "Castorine" Machine Oil for all kinds of machinery, it is also excellent for harness and leather. Makes it water and weather proof. For sale by dealers.

A Hard Task.

To find a better remedy for dyspepsia, indigestion, and impurities of the blood, than Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00; trial bottles 10 cents.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry

Cures all forms of bowel complaints in infants or adults. The most safe pleasant and perfect remedy known. Purely vegetable and free from opiates or poisonous drugs.

"Must say it's the nicest thing I ever used for the teeth and breath," says everyone having tried "TEABERRY," the new toilet gem. Get a 5 cent sample.

A ten-year-old lad of Newport township, Que., hanged himself on Friday because his mother ordered him to set the table for supper.

A Wretched Score.

A score of years is a long time to look back upon, but when attended with continual suffering it seems almost a century. And all this pain could have been avoided if when your liver commenced to trouble you you had taken Burdock Blood Bitters. Price $1.00, trial size 10 cents.

Soothing Syrups Superceded.

Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best remedy for infants teething. It is safe pleasant and reliable, and cures promptly all forms of Bowel Complaints. For Canadian Cholera or Cholic and Dysentery of either children or adults there is no better remedy.

Mrs. P. Gourlay, of Arthur, lost her husband during the late American war, and has just been informed that there is a sum of $2,000 lying to her credit in the U. S. Treasury.

Ask your dealer for "Castorine" Machine Oil and see that the barrel is stamped "Castorine" as none other is genuine.

What Every One Says Must be True.

All unite in praise of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry who have tried it as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Nausia, and Stomach and Bowel Complaints, general in children or adults. Every person should keep a supply on hand.

A General Stampede.

Never was such a rush made for any Drug Store as is now at J. H. Michener's for a Trial Bottle of Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons afflicted with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy *free*, by calling at the above Drug Store.

Little Lottie's letter to her friend: "I have so many cares. Yesterday a little baby sister arrived, and papa is on a journey. It was but a piece of luck that mamma was at home to take care of it."

True to her Trust.

Too much cannot be said of the ever-faithful wife and mother constantly watching and caring for her dear ones, never neglecting a single duty in their behalf. When they are prostrated by disease, and the system should have a thorough cleansing, the stomach and bowels regulated, blood purified, malarial poison exterminated, she must know that Electric Bitters are the only sure remedy. They are the best and purest medicine in the world, and only cost fifty cents. Sold by J. H. Michener.

The last number of the Battleford *Herald* says:—To say that the crops in the territories are good is but to repeat an old story. Gentlemen just in from Prince Albert bring word that everything looks well there, and that there will, if no accident happens, be larger crops, both in area and return, than usual. Potatoes look well, but there are many fields in which some of the seed failed to germinate. This probably arose from the same cause as the partial failure here—from keeping the seed too warm. The most gratifying information given by these gentlemen as also by some from the west, is that the crops in this vicinity are farther advanced than in either of the other settlements.

Would Not be Without It.

One who has fairly tested Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, though prejudiced against proprietary medicines in general, writes—"I would not go over night without this reliable remedy for sudden attacks of Cholic, Cramps and Cholera Morbus so prevalent in the summer season. I keep a bottle ready at hand."

GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F.—The following officers were elected at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Oddfellows in Brantford last week: J. B. McIntyre, St. Catharines, Grand Master; Henry Robertson, Collingwood, Deputy Grand Master; W. McDermid, Lucan, Grand Warden; Grand Secretary King, Grand Treasurer Badenack, and Grand Representative Campbell, were re-elected by acclamation. Mr. J. W. Fletcher was appointed Deputy for London. At the installation the Grand Master made the following appointments: J. Mills, Belleville, Grand Marshall; W. H. Marton, Chatham, Grand Chaplain; C. Caldwell, London, Grand Conductor; B. R. Woods, Brockville, Grand Guard; G. Mortimer, Newmarket, Grand Herald. The Grand Lodge meets in Toronto next year.

Holloway's Pills.—The changes of temperature and weather frequently upset persons who are most cautious of their health, and most particular in their diets. These corrective, purifying, and gentle aperient Pills are the best remedy for all defective actions of the digestive organs; they augment the appetite, strengthen the stomach, correct biliousness, and carry off all that is noxious from the system. Holloway's Pills are composed of rare balsams, unmixed with baser matters and on that account are peculiarly well adapted for the young, delicate, and aged. As this peerless medicine has gained fame in the past, so will it preserve it in the future by its renovating and invigorating qualities, and its incapacity of doing harm.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—The Brampton Times chronicles the sudden death of Robert Scott, through being struck by lightning. He was, on Saturday, August 6th, cutting oats in a field adjoining the driving park, and about ten o'clock a storm came on, and it is supposed he was in the act of leaving to take shelter when a heavy dash appeared, striking and killing him instantly, where he laid till Monday morning last, having been found about 5.30 o'clock by Mr. Wm. Newhouse jr., who was exercising his horse on the track. The fluid passed from the top of his head down to his feet, singeing his eyebrows and whiskers, splitting one leg of his trousers, and ripped open his boots. His shoulders were badly marked with blue spots, and his skin spotted on several parts of his legs.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions. The Save is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Michener

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation—all forms of Dyspepsia yield at once to a few doses of *Zopesa*, the new compound from Brazil. A 10 cent sample proves it. Sold by J. Livingstone, Jr., druggist, Listowel.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for cramps in the stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Reader,—Dear Sir:—I would be very glad to get your measure for a suit of clothes. I do a large trade in this line. I have a first-class Cutter, and will guarantee a good fit to all who will kindly favor me with their orders. My stocks of Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Worsted goods, &c., were never better than now, and the prices will be found as reasonable as any in the County. Please give me a call when you require clothing, or anything else in General Dry Goods. Groceries, &c., and everything in our power will be done to make the deal pleasant and satisfactory. GIVE ME A CALL, *and in the meantime, I am,*

Yours respectfully,

JOHN RIGGS.

ZOPESA, FROM BRAZIL.—Its wonderful affinity to the digestive apparatus of the human stomach, its most surprising effect upon a torpid Liver, and its cleansing and toning the system, can be tested with a 10 cent sample bottle. Sold by J. Livingstone, Jr.

FALL SHOWS, 1881.

Provincial, at London, Sept 21 to 30.
Industrial, at Toronto Sept. 5 to 17.
Central, at Hamilton, Oct 4 to 7.
Central, at Guelph, Oct 3 to 5.
Elma & Wallace, at Listowel, Sept. 26 and 27.
North Perth, at Stratford, Sept 15 and 16.
Mitchell Horticultural, at Mitchell, Sept. 15 and 16.
South Huron, at Seaforth, Sept. 15 and 16.
Turnbury, at Wingham, Sept 22 and 23.
North Oxford, at Woodstock, Sept. 19 and 20.
South Waterloo, at Ayr, Oct. 6 and 7.
East Zorra & South Easthope, at Tavistock, Oct 5.
Wellesley, at Wellesley, Oct. 4.
Wilmot, at New Hamburg, Sept. 21 and 22.
Logan, at Bornholm, Oct. 4.
Centre Wellington, at Fergus, Oct. 5 and 6
East Huron & Grey, at Brussels, Oct. 6 and 7.

DAIRY MARKETS.

London, Aug. 15.—4,769 boxes were offered at the cheese market on Saturday. Sales were made of 580 boxes at 10c; 245, at 10⅛c.; 1,640 at 10⅛c.; 430 at 10⅜c, and 150 boxes, August make at 10½c. Total sales, 3,055 boxes. Liverpool quote 53s at opening, 54s at close.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 15.—Eighty-seven hundred boxes sold at 10½ to 11c.; leading price 10⅝c. Three thousand boxes consigned.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Aug. 15.—Market firm and very brisk. The sales of factory cheese were the largest of the season, amounting to 15,000 boxes at 10½c to 11¼, bulk sold at 10¾; 900 boxes of farm dairy sold at 10c to 10½c; 50 packages of butter sold at 20c to 22c.

Ingersoll, Aug. 16.—Twenty-one factories registered 9,001 boxes, all July make, except 200 August; 5,671 boxes were sold; 53½ at 10⅛c; 540 at 10½c; 995 at 10 11-16c; 1,893 at 10⅝c, and 2,655 at 11c. A few factories sold, since last market day, at 10 cents.

BIRTHS.

BAIRD—In Wallace, on 17th inst., the wife of Mr William Baird, of a son.

O'GRADY—In Maryborough, on 17th inst., the wife of Mr John O'Grady, of a son.

STEWART—In Elma, on 14th inst., the wife of Mr. Jas. Stewart, of a son.

MATHESON—In Elma, on 4th inst., the wife of Mr. William Matheson, of a son.

DEATHS.

PAGE—In Listowel, on the 12th inst., Lucy Page, aged 23 years and 29 days.

ALLISON—In Shipley, on 13th inst., Mrs A. A. Allison, aged 42 years, 2 months.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

	August 18, 1881
Wheat, fall, per bush.	1 15 to 1 18
Spring Wheat, "	1 10 " 1 15
Barley, "	0 60 " 0 65
Peas, "	0 65 " 0 70
Oats, "	0 40 " 0 42
Rye, "	0 60 " 0 65
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.	0 00 " 8 50
Beef, hind q.	0 0 " 0 0
Mutton, per carcase "	8 00 " 10 00
Butter, per lb.	0 22 " 0 25
Butter, large rolls.	0 00 " 0 18
Butter, tub, dairy.	0 16 " 0 18
Eggs, fresh, per dozen.	0 11 " 0 15
Potatoes, per bag	0 40 " 0 50
Hay, per ton.	8 00 " 11 00
Wool.	0 22 " 0 25

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS

	August 18, 18
Wheat, fall, per bush.	1 16 " 1 18
Wheat, spring, "	1 20 " 1 23
Barley "	0 70 " 0 75
Peas, "	0 65 " 0 67
Oats, "	0 40 " 0 41
Rye, "	0 00 " 0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.	0 00 " 8 50
Beef, hind q.	0 0 " 0 0
Mutton, per carcase "	8 00 " 10 00
Butter, per lb.	0 22 " 0 23
Butter, large rolls.	0 00 " 0 18
Butter, tub, dairy.	0 16 " 0 18
Eggs, fresh, per dozen.	0 11 " 0 15
Potatoes, per bag	0 40 " 0 50
Hay, per ton.	8 00 " 11 00
Wool.	0 22 " 0 25

GUELPH

	August 17, 1881.
White wheat	$ 1 18 to 1 22
Treadwell	1 18 to 1 22
Spring wheat (Glasgow)	1 12 to 1 18
Red chaff	0 00 to 0 00
Oats	0 40 to 0 42
Peas	0 60 to 0 64
Barley	0 60 to 0 65
Eggs, per dozen	0 12 to 0 13
Butter, dairy packed	0 15 to 0 16
Butter, rolls	0 17 to 0 22
Potatoes, per bag	0 40 to 0 45
Wool, per pound	0 50 to 0 60
Hay, per ton	7 00 to 10 00
Wool, per lb	0 23 to 0 25

STRATFORD.

	August 17, 1881.
Wheat, fall, per bush.	$1 08 to 1 10
Wheat, spring, "	1 10 " 1 12
Barley, "	0 50 " 0 60
Oats, "	0 38 " 0 40
Peas, "	0 60 " 0 65
Wheat, per brl	6 00 " 6 50
Potatoes, per bag.	0 75 " 0 80
Butter, lb. rolls.	0 17 " 0 19
Eggs, per dozen.	0 12 " 0 13
Hides, per cwt.	7 50 " 8 00
Hay, per ton.	8 00 " 9 00
Wood, per cord.	2 75 " 3 00
Wool, per lb.	0 24 " 0 25

PALMERSTON.

	August 17, 1881.
Fall Wheat, per bush	$1 15 " 1 20
Spring Wheat, "	1 15 " 1 20
Flour, per cwt.	5 75 " 6 00
Barley, per bush	0 65 " 0 75
Peas "	0 60 " 0 65
Oats, "	0 27 " 0 28
Hay, per ton.	6 00 " 8 00
Potatoes, per bag.	0 60 " 0 60
Butter, per lb.	0 16 " 0 18
Eggs, per doz.	0 09 " 0 10
Pork, per cwt.	0 0 " 0 0
Cordwood, per cord.	2 00 " 2 25
Wool, per lb.	0 21 " 0 24

STEER ASTRAY.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot No. 35, 2nd con. Wallace, about the 6th inst., a 2 year old steer, white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and remove the animal.

HENRY ZINN.

Listowel P. O., Aug 18, 1881. 3c.

COW ESTRAY.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot 27, 8th con., Wallace, about the 5th August, a farrow cow, in good order, white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and remove the animal.

ROBERT STEVENSON.

Gowanstown P. O., Aug., 15, 1881.

STEERS ASTRAY.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot 14, 4th con. Elma, about the 1st June last, two yearling steers, brindled grey, one with white star on forehead. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and remove the animals.

RICHARD PATERSON

Elma, Aug. 10, 1881. 31c

DEXTER LIVERY STABLE.

The subscriber has opened a new livery stable in Listowel, in R. R. Hay's old stand on Dodd Street. It will be known as the "Dexter" stables, and is the place to hire good horses and first class rigs. A number of new wagons and buggies on hand for sale, and will be sold cheap. JAMES LOWRY.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

THE LISTOWEL STANDARD

is published every Friday morning by

A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS,

Office.—Martin's Block, Main street, opposite Grand Central Hotel, and next Hess Bros. Furniture Factory.

Subscription $1.50 per annum in advance; $2.00 if not so paid.

ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 8 cts. per line first insertion, 2 cts. each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be allowed on contract advertisements for an extended period. Business notices inserted as reading matter at the rate of 10 cts. per line first insertion, 5 cts. each subsequent insertion. All advertisements and notices measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil—12 lines to the inch, and charged accordingly. Casual advertisements and notices, cash; contract accounts rendered quarterly.

JOB PRINTING.

Having purchased one of the latest Improved NEW YORK GORDONS—*the best Jobbing Press manufactured*—and an entirely new outfit of Printing material, we are in a position to execute all descriptions of Job Work, from the finest Visiting Card to the largest Poster, in a manner unsurpassed in Western Canada, and at very moderate prices.

Address all communications to the STANDARD Office, Listowel, Ont.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT

LANDS!

LIBERAL TERMS.

FREE HOMES IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

A HOMESTEAD OF 160 ACRES FREE TO EVERY SETTLER IN MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

ROOM FOR MILLIONS!

The Canadian Pacific Railway

now open, and running from Emerson to Winnipeg, and from Winnipeg west to Portage la Prairie.

Thunder Bay Section from Fort William to Winnipeg, to be opened in 1882.

Three hundred miles a year west to be built, until 150,000,000 acres of the best wheat land in the world are opened up for settlement, and 50,000,000 acres of the best grazing land all the year round.

THE Great Wheat Belt

Red River Valley, Saskatchewan Valley, and great Canadian Prairies, the largest wheat growing area of the continent of North America.

Richest and deepest soil, ready for the plough. Heavy wheat (weighing 65 lbs to the bushel) heavy crops and ready markets. Average product of fair farming, 30 bushels to the acre.

Eastern Farmers

wanting more room, and having resolved to go West, should move to the Canadian North West.

Farmers' sons leaving the older Provinces of Canada or the neighboring States should take up Farms in the Great Wheat Regions of Canada.

HEALTHY CLIMATE. No fevers; no ague; no endemic diseases.

EASY COMMUNICATIONS

by Rail and Lake, on moderate terms. No more travelling hardships.

Full detailed information in pamphlets and maps furnished gratis on application to the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Success the Best Test of Worth

HOLLOWAY'S

OINTMENT and PILLS.

THIS UNIVERSAL MEDICINE IS A HOUSEHOLD REQUISITE EVERYWHERE.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, impart tone to the NERVOUS SYSTEM, and act most powerfully on the LIVER AND BOWELS, promoting DIGESTION and assimilation and endowing the whole bodily frame with STRENGTH and vigour. Nervous Headaches, Trembling with Lassitude and GENERAL DEBILITY quickly yield to the potent force of these well-known Pills, and they are unrivalled in their efficacy in all

FEMALE COMPLAINTS

removing all obstructions, skin blemishes, pimples and boils, better that any other family medicine known.

THE OINTMENT

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

It heals every kind of SORE, ULCER and WOUND

LISTOWEL STANDARD.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1881.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VERNON'S "perihelion" frosts have failed to connect.

"STAR gazing" for the new comet is in order these evenings.

Don't forget the Toronto Tea Store when in town, for Cheap Teas; good value for the money. D. W. Palmer & Co

THE "hum" is again heard in the land. The country schools opened yesterday.

The largest and best assortment of Tobaccos in town at Kay's Tobacco Store, Main street

LISTOWEL has a "cull'ed" resident. He is in the employ of Alderman Woods.

D. W. Palmer & Co. have secured a choi e selection of the best brands of imported Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.

MR. NATHANIEL PURCELL is veneering his residence on Penelope street with brick.

Manufacturers of reapers, mowers and threshing machines prefer "Castorine" Machine Oil to any other. It will outwear lard oil or elephant, and is warranted not to gum.

LISTOWEL cricketers have accepted a challenge to play the Mt. Forest club sometime this month. The match will be played here.

PAINTS, OILS AND COLORS.—For the largest stock, best material and lowest prices, go to HACKING'S Drug Store.—21.

MR. J. W. BRISBIN is expending several hundred dollars in improving the cottage on the east side of the Public School grounds recently purchased by him.

D. W. Palmer & Co. keep in stock the best 50c Tea in town. We defy any to beat it. Try it and be convinced.

LIVERY.—Mr. Jas. Lowry has opened a livery stable in town. His stables will be found on Dodd street, and he is prepared to supply the public with first-class rigs.

THE Listowel, Bruce Battalion, and the Palmerston bands have been engaged for the annual pic nic of the G. W. R. employees to be held in Palmerston on the 27th inst.

FRUIT JARS, at D. W. Palmer & Co's, at bottom price. Call and see them before buying elsewhere. See advt—23c.

THE township councils of Wallace and Elma meet to morrow (Saturday) for the purpose of striking the rates. School trustees are particularly requested to take notice.

For a beautiful pair of Ladies Kid Boots and Slippers or Goat Boots go to the Glasgow House.

RETURNED.—Mr. John Livingstone jr who has been on a trip to the North wes returned yesterday. Like many others who have seen this land of promise, he is of opinion that a great future awaits it.

MESSRS Robert Martin and Frank McDowell, sons of our respected townsmen, returned to Toronto on Monday last after spending their holidays in Listowel. They are studying the drug business in the city.

The very latest designs in Glassware, (very fancy) at D. W. Palmer & Co's. Call and see them. No trouble to show goods.

THE advertising car belonging to Cole's circus arrived here on Saturday, with the advance agents and brigade of bill posters. The car is a superbly handsome structure and attracted the notice of numbers of our citizens.

For a good suit of Clothes either Ready made or Ordered at prices to astonish you go to the Glasgow House.

FLAX continues to be delivered at Messrs. Livingstone's flax mills at the rate of between fifty and one hundred loads per day. The firm have a small army of hands engaged in threshing and spreading it.

Butter, Eggs, apples and potatoes taken in exchange for Groceries at D W. Palmer & Co's.

ROBERT LOVE, stage driver between Listowel and Mitchell, came in contact with a scythe left standing against a wall by a careless Mitchellite, and received a four inch gash in the fleshy part of the arm.

D. W. Palmer & Co. keep constantly on hand the largest and best selected stock of the choicest Liquors, Wines, etc., in town

THE contract has been let for the completion of the large unfinished brick residence on Victoria street, recently purchased by Mr. Armstrong. It is to be occupied by Mr. F. E. Gibbs, who has leased it for a term of years.

Gents, for your Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties or a stylish Hat go to the Glasgow House.

LACROSSE.—The "Stars" of this place have accepted a challenge from the "Lornes" of Mt. Forest to a game of lacrosse, to be played here on the 30th inst. The "Stars" are practicing, so as to be able for their opponents.

PEACHES, pears and grapes arriving daily at H. D. Murray's bakery. Always the freshest and always the cheapest in town.

THE colored residents of Peel held their annual bush meeting on Sunday last. It is said that the proceedings were disturbed by a number of unruly youths from this town, who were unceremoniously ejected from the grounds. Served them right.

ORDER your peaches at H. D. Murray's where you can rely upon receiving prompt attention and getting the best value for your money.

REV. DR. FOWLER, who has been resting for a short time from his labours for the benefit of his health, is expected back to town this week. During his absence, the services in the C. M. Church have been conducted by Mr. Voden, divinity student.

For apples tomatoes and early vegetables of all kinds go to H. D Murray's. We make a speciality of fresh fruits and vegetables, and sell cheap.

MR. G. KUCKERT, travelling agent for the *Illinois Staatszeitung*, was in town this week, looking up subscribers for that paper. The *Staatszeitung* is the largest German paper published in the United States, and is very extensively circulated among the Germans on this continent.

NOTICE.—All parties indepted to me are requested to pay up not later than 20th inst. All accounts not paid by that date will be placed in court for collection as I am going out of business. J. H SMITH.

BAND TOURNAMENT.—An international band tournament will be held in Ingersoll on Aug. 31st and Sept. 1st, under the auspices of the band of the 22nd Battalion, Oxford Rifles. Competion will be open to the world. About $1,200 will be awarded in prizes. We shou d be pleased to hear of our efficient band entering the contest for the "Amateur" stakes.

PROF. HY. COLLINS, organist of All Saints Church, Toronto, was in town recently, visiting his brother, Mr. A. J. Collins. In response to an invitation, Professor Collins presided at the organ in Christ Church on Sunday last, and the congregation are indebted to his musical talents for an unusually attractive service.

MR. B. ROTHWELL, principal of the Listowel Public School, has returned to town, after spending a pleasant holiday in the Ottawa district. Mr. Rothwell had a narrow escape on his return trip, he having been one of the passengers on the express train which was thrown from the track near Prescott on Saturday morning. Fortunately he was in the rear car, which did not leave the rails.

MR. B. B. SARVIS and family have returned to town after a week's sojourn at Wiarton. Mr. S. is highly impressed with the peninsula as a summer resort. The opening of the S. & H. Railway to Wiarton will place the Georgian Bay within easy access of Listowel, and doubtless many of our citizens will be found another season sojourning upon its inviting shores.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.—The list of the candidates who succeeded in passing the recent intermediate and second class teacher's examination has been announced. The total number of candidates was about 3,600, and the total number passed about 1,050, or a little over 29 per cent. Listowel High School succeeded in passing six out of the 20 who wrote, which is a little above the average. Of these, five took second-class Grade B., their names being Annie Edwards, Kate Campbell, George Howe, David Douglas and Jas. Harvey. Wm. Green took Intermediate standing. The list is however subject to rectification in case any irregularities have occurred.

CHRIST CHURCH.—The services in Christ Church continue to be conducted by the Rev. G. O. Troop, whose earnest and able discourses are much appreciated. It is probable that his lordship the Bishop of Huron will gratify the wish of the congregation by appointing at an early day the Rev. G. B. Taylor, of Wallaceburg, to the incumbency of the church.

WE notice by the Toronto papers that a match manufacturing company, with a capital stock of $100,000, has been formed in that enterprising city. The company have purchased Wallace's self-feeding and racking match making machine. It will be remembered that Listowel was once afforded an opportunity of securing this industry, and declined. Evidently Torontonians take more kindly to brimstone than do the people of this town.

NEW BREWERY.—Messrs. Roth Bros have, we understand, decided to erect a new brewery. The new structure, which is to be considerably larger than the present one, will be built on the opposite side of the street. The contract is to be let immediately, and the building is to be completed and ready for operation by the 1st of May next. Messrs. Roth Bros. have been doing an excellent brewing business, which no doubt will be largely increased in their new premises.

VICK'S MONTHLY.—The readers of this excellent floral magazine have been presented with a specially attractive number this month. In addition to the usual amount of information about floriculture and horticulture, Mr. Vick gives a very interesting description o many of the principal summer resorts of American and Canadian tourists. The article is handsomely illustrated. The midsummer number also contains a beautiful chromatic frontispiece, representing a group of pansies.

GARDEN PARTY.—The garden party at the residence of Mr. John Mackenzie on Monday evening was a very enjoyable and well attended affair. The grounds were gaily illuminated with Chinese lanterns, etc. The presence of the Town Band, who kindly gave their services free, lent additional attraction to the pleasant gathering. About $21 were realized for Knox Church aid fund. The next garden party will be held at the residence of Mr. Wm. Forbes, Main street east, on Monday evening next. Admission 10 cents. All are cordially invited.

WE notice that some of those towns that have prospered during the last decade are inclined to be boastful over their progress. While we rejoice at their prosperity, we challenge any town in Canada to exhibit as good a record as Listowel, which ten years ago was a mere village of 976 inhabitants, and now is a thriving town, with a population of 2,684. An increase of nearly 300 per cent. within the last decade is something which our citizens may justly be proud of, as it places Listowel at the head of the list of the prosperous towns of Canada.

CHEESE SHIPMENTS.—The following factories have sold their July make, the greater portion of which was shipped at Listowel on Wednesday: Cedar Grove factory, 6th con. Wallace, sold to Mr. Aitcheson, for 10⅞c.; Wallace Joint Stock Co. and 4th line Maryborough factories sold to Mr. Watson for 10¾c.; Molesworth factory sold to Mr. Aitcheson, for 10⅞c.; Elma Joint Stock Co. sold to Mr. Ballantyne, for 10⅞c.; Doneg l and Carthage factories, sold to Mr. Wrightson, for 10⅛c and 9¾c. respectively. We understand that the latter sale was effected previous to the late advance in the cheese market.

NEARLY A FIRE.—The roof the Royal Hotel caught fire on Wednesday morning, and had it not been for its timely discovery, a disastrous conflagration would in all probability have been the result. Fortunately it was seen in time to be extinguished with a few pails of water. The roof is supposed to have been ignited by a spark from the smoke stack of Messrs. Hess Bros. factory. It is to be hoped that something will be done to remove this constant cause of danger before the town is taught the lesson of dearly bought experience. It is currently reported that Messrs. Hess Bros. are prepared to entertain a scheme for removing their shops to a less central part of the town. Both for their own protection and to remove the risk which other property is at present exposed to, it is necessary that this should be done. To delay action in the matter is but to invite disaster; therefore we would urge that the matter be dealt with at once.

YOUTHFUL BURGLARS.—A couple of youths named Bogues and McKelvey took it into their heads to burglarize the residences of Mr. Thos. Howe and Mr. Wm. Thompson, on Monday last. They entered Mr. Howe's residence in broad daylight, and while some members of the family were engaged in another part of the house, they visited the parlor and bedroom, appropriating a pair of pearl card cases, a child's savings bank containing about a dollar in change, and other small articles. At Mr. Thompson's place, where they gained entrance while the family was absent, they appear to have regaled themselves freely with jam, as a considerable quantity of that luxury was subsequently found missing, and they "hopefuls" a short time afterwards being seen in the neighborhood with their faces besmeared so that they might have been mistaken for an advance instalment of Cole's Maori war dancers. Constable Woods upon being acquainted of the burglaries, arrested the young rascals, and succeeded in recovering the articles taken from Mr. Howe's residence. They, however, had been so damaged and broken by the youths as to be worthless. Out of sympathy for the parents of the lads, they were let off with a reprimand. Were the whipping post resorted to, we think that it would prove the most effective remedy for such youthful depredations.

THE CROPS.—The farmers in this vicinity have been favored with excellent harvest weather, and as a consequence the ingathering of the crops is well advanced, and the harvest will be through with earlier this year than for several years past. Crops of all kinds are turning out much better than was anticipated, and on the whole will be above the average. Many of the farmers in the neighboring townships have threshed their fall wheat, which is yielding from 25 to 40 bushels per acre. In Wallace the crops are especially good, some farmers having from eight to twelve hundred bushels of wheat alone. We have very good authority for stating that never within the history of the township have its farmers been blessed with so large a yield. The spring wheat is also turning out remarkably well, the heads being well filled with unusually plump grain. Oats and peas are fine crops, and will be above an average. So far the depredations of the pea bug have not been noticeable to any alarming extent in this part of the county, though much has been heard of them further south. The barley crop is yielding well, is a fair sample, and its color has not been impaired in the harvesting. Flax, of which there has been a slight increase in the breadth sown this year, is an excellent crop, the sample being the finest grown in this neighborhood for some time. Potatoes and roots of all kinds promise well. Fruit will probably be scarce. With the exception of plums, few kinds of fruit yield what might be considered large crops in this section. The severity of the past winter injured the plum trees more or less, and with other causes has diminished the prospects of a large fruit crop. The abundant harvest which our farmers have been blessed with cannot but act beneficially upon all classes of the community. As the prices at present obtaining for wheat are unusually high, and as they are at least as liable to recede as to advance, in our judgement farmers would be on the safe side to market their grain early. By doing so they will be enabled to discharge their obligations, and trade generally will benefit by it.

THIS WEEK.

—Every Lady and Gent should see our—

GENTS' FURNISHING WINDOW
—THIS WEEK.—

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS AND NOVELTIES ARE ON EXHIBITION.

YOU WILL BE PLEASED IF YOU CALL AND SEE SOME OF OUR NEW GOODS

YOU CAN
SAVE 50 PER CENT.
If you buy our 12½c. Dress Goods, 12½c. Linen, 12½c. Shirting, 12½c. Wincey, 7c. Factory, 25c. Windsor Scarfs.

YOU CAN
SAVE 25 PER CENT.
If you buy our Black Velveteen, (silk finish,) Silks, Satins, Ombre Ribbons, Laces and Edgings.

—ALL WE ASK IS A CALL.—

JOHN C. BURT.
THE DOMINION HOUSE FOR NICE GOODS.
LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK.

NORMAN'S
Electric Belt Institution,
No. 4 Queen Street East, Toronto.
ESTABLISHED 1874.

THERE IS NOTHING SO PERMANENTLY beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure
ASTHMA,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LUMBAGO,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
INDIGESTION,
RHEUMATISM,
SWELLINGS,
INJURIES,
NEURALGIA, ETC.,
And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.
Medicated and other baths always ready for ladies and gentlemen.
J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c., agent for Listowel. 3y

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL
National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM
Has no equal for the permanent cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and all Lung Diseases.
Every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction.
T MILBURN & CO., Proprietors Toronto.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE!
ON
MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS
Terms to suit buyers.
10 GEORGE DRAPER.

THE COUNTY OF PERTH.
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1863.
INSURES
FARM PROPERTY,
CHURCHES, PRIVATE RESIDENCES, ETC.
With contents of same against loss or damage BY LIGHTNING AS WELL AS FIRE.
Animals Covered if Killed by Lightning in the Fields.
HEAD OFFICE. - STRATFORD. ONT.
JAMES. IRWIN,
AGENT, - - LISTOWEL.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT 6½ PER CENT.
All privileges granted. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

100 ACRES FOR SALE, near Newry. Terms easy. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE, near the Great Western Railway Station, Listowel. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN, supplied by parties living in town, at 7 per cent. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

50 ACRES FOR SALE, in Wallace, close to Listowel. Apply to T. G. FENNELL.

Campbell's Block, Main Street, Listowel.

STATE LINE!
Lowest Through Rates to EUROPE
Ocean and Inland Combined.
The elegant Steamers of this Line sail from
NEW YORK
EVERY THURSDAY,
—FOR—
Glasgow, Liverpool, and Belfast
Passage.—Cabin, $60 to $75. Return tickets, $110 to $130. Second Cabin (everything furnished), $40. Return tickets, $75; Steerage at lowest rates.
Tickets Good for One Year.
Passengers going to the old country or parties wishing to bring out friends will find it to their interest to call on
J. LIVINGSTONE, jr.,
AGENT AT LISTOWEL. 15.

IN NEW PREMISES!
WM. McKEEVER,
Has pleasure in announcing that he has fitted up a
First-Class Butcher Stall
in his new Brick Block on west side of Wallace street, opposite the old stand, where the
Choicest Meats of the Season
can be had at all times, and at moderate rates.
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!
to Hotels and Boarding Houses.
Will not be Undersold.
WM. McKEEVER.
Listowel, 1880. 46.

NEW ARRIVALS!
—OF—
SPRING AND SUMMER
BOOTS & SHOES!
—AT—
KARGES BROS.,
Having purchased largely for this season's trade, we are now prepared to supply the citizens of Listowel and vicinity with all classes of Boots & Shoes. Excellent assortment of
Men's, Boys', Ladies', Misses and, Children's Wear
IN ORDERED WORK!
None can surpass us, as we employ only first-class workmen and use the very best material.
In SEWED WORK we defy competition. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Give us a call.
First door north of Royal hotel, Wallace St.
14 KARGES BROS.

FARM FOR SALE.
The North-east 50 acres of the 7th con. of Wallace. The land is in a good state of cultivation; all cleared but 6 acres, and fit for a reaper to run on it. A good frame barn 36x52 frame house 18x26 well finished; barn and house new; good well and pump at door, and a never failing spring creek on the place. Terms, $700 down; the balance can run for a term of years at 7 per cent. Also 60 acres will be sold along with the 50 for a term of ten years. The land is first-class; within 3 miles of the town of Palmerston. For particulars apply to the proprietor,
JAMES LITTLE,
Rothsay Ont.

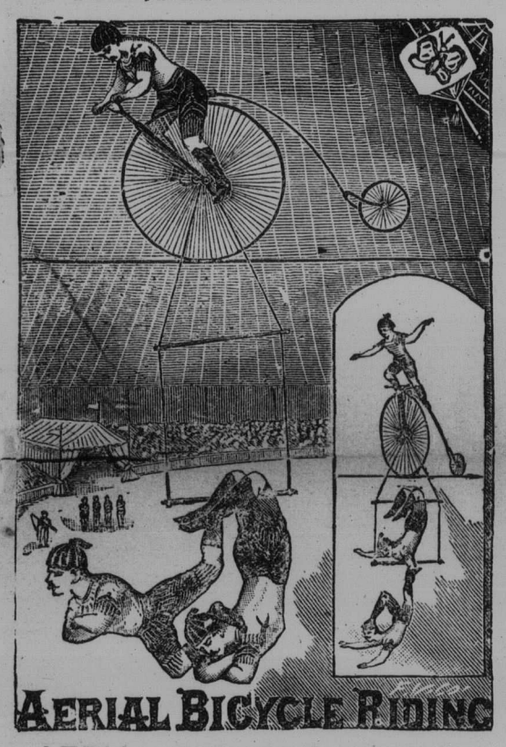
R. MARTIN,
REAL ESTATE
AND
INSURANCE AGENT.
Buys and sells Lands, loans money and does a general Insurance business.
100 Acres for sale in the 2nd Concession of the Township of Minto. Apply to R. MARTIN.
100 Acres for sale in the 9th concession of the Township of Elma. Apply to R. MARTIN.
100 Acres for sale in the 1st concession of Wallace, 3½ miles from Listowel, well improved. Apply to R. MARTIN.
100 Acres for sale in the Township of Minto. Well improved. Rents for $200 in advance. Apply to R. MARTIN.
TWO good dwelling houses for sale in the town of Listowel. Apply to R. MARTIN.
GOOD building lots for sale on Main and Elma Streets. Apply to R. MARTIN.
100 Acres for sale in the Township of Morris. Apply to R. MARTIN.
MONEY!
6 PER CENT. MONEY,
with the best privilege of repayment of part or whole of loan. Costs very moderate. Apply to R. MARTIN.
INSURANCE.
The best Companies represented, such as the WESTERN, LANCASHIRE &C.
Apply to R. MARTIN.
Office on Main St.,
LISTOWEL,
Opposite the Grand Central Hotel.

E. B. SUTHERLAND,
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR,
having leased the
DOOR AND SASH FACTORY
from Mr. Milne, is now prepared to offer inducements to builders and contractors, in
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS
MOULDINGS, ETC., ETC.
Custom Planing Done.
Contracts for all kinds of Building taken.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
LUMBER.
A Lumber Yard in connection with the Factory, where a full assortment of
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Etc.,
Will be kept.
ORDERS SOLICITED
FACTORY—Elma street, near Climie's Mills.
E. B. SUTHERLAND.
Proprietor

PUBLIC ATTENTION
is called to
GEO. ZILLIAX'S
General Dry Goods Grocery
Flour & Feed Store,
Wallace Street Listowel, two doors south of the Royal Hotel
Good value given in
Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes,
Groceries, Crockery, Glassware,
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal,
Vegetables, Seed Grain,
Land Salt, Shingles, &c.
Highest market price paid for
BUTTER AND EGGS,
Grain Hides and Skins, and all descriptions of Farm Produce.
GEO. ZILLIAX.

AT LISTOWEL,
THURSDAY, SEPT, 1ST.
RETURNING FROM A VICTORIOUS VOYAGE IN FOREIGN LANDS.
The Identical Supremely Great and World Famous Consolidation, Having Performed to Applauding Millions beyond the Seas.
FOUR TIMES ITS FORMER SIZE,
And Five Times Larger than any Three Shows in the World.
W. W. COLE'S,

—TWO MILLION DOLLAR—
NEW GIGANTIC CIRCUS,
MAMMOTH MENAGERIE,
Congress of Living Wonders and Academy of Trained Animals.
Faithfully representing and depicting the peculiar, striking and varied marvels of
EVERY LAND UNDER THE SUN,
Illustrating each nation with LIVING EXAMPLES AND MULTIPLIED ATTRACTIONS gathered during a journey in all parts of the world, there exhibiting and gaining the unanimous approval of learned critics and royal rank.
THE ONLY SHOW TO CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE EARTH,
Retaining mammoth ocean steamers and many railroad trains, enabling me to bring back
—A PERFECT FLOOD OF AMAZING NOVELTIES,—
A list of which would require a volume. Therefore I will only mention a few PROMINENT AND TOTALLY NEW FEATURES, such as you never saw before, and whose counterpart all the shows of the earth cannot produce.
LOOK AT THE ARRAY OF ADDED ATTRACTIONS.
HEADED BY THE ACME OF MID AIR VENTURES THE DARING



AERIAL BICYCLE RIDERS!
Whose reckless voyages in the aerial seas, along a slender strand of wire, mounted upon a rail, narrow tread bicycle, going at lightning speed, and carrying three, male and female, serialists, completely overshadows all previous exploits in arenic exhibitions. Following this inspiring climax will be seen.
THE HEROINE HURDLE RIDER, MLLE. LINDA JEAL
Justly crowned the "Fire Queen."
A TROUP OF MOARI WAR DANCERS,
Tatooed natives of the South Sea Islands.
GENUINE BEDOUIN ARABS
Vaulters, Tumblers, and Herculean Sons of Palestine.
THE NECROMANCERS OF INDIA,
The Wizard Wonders of a Mystic Race.
THE HINDOO SNAKE CHARMERS,
Who play with Venomous Reptiles.
EAST INDIA JUGGLERS AND DANCERS,
Utterly new to this country.
And yet I have to announce an engagement with and positive appearance of the
ORIGINAL AND ONLY AUSTRALIAN BLONDIN
The hero of all notable hazards upon the lofty wire, and wearer of studded belts, and heavy jeweled medals, won by reason of his daring performances and thrilling ventures at dizzy heights and over Niagara's awful gulf, and who will at each exhibition repeat his world-famous feats of carrying a man upon his back, and giving various other illustrations of an unfaltering nerve, while he walks and runs blindfolded along a small steel wire suspended fully one hundred feet above the spell-bound spectators. I shall also present
A WILD SNOW-WHITE BUFFALO,
The first and only one ever captured.
THE MAMMOTH KANSAS OX
Weight 3,100 pounds, a domesticated mastodon.
A HERD OF PERFORMING ELEPHANTS
Educated to a wonderful degree of excellence.
THE BEST PERFORMING STALLIONS IN THE WORLD,
BEAUTIFUL BEYOND ALL COMPARISON

A SPANISH PERFORMING BULL,
Faithfully representing the great bull fight.
A GROUP OF GIANT KANGAROOS,
Captured while travelling in Australia.
5,000 MUSEUM CURIOSITIES
Gathered in all parts of the world.
3,500 BEASTS, BIRDS AND REPTILES,
In the Great Menagerie.
150 SKILLED ARENIC CELEBRITIES
Will appear in this enormous circus
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT BURNING NIGHT AND DAY.
Lady Riders, Lady Gymnasts, Lady Acrobats, Lady Bicycle Riders, Lady Vaulters, Eight Champion Bare back Riders, Huge Dens of Performing Animals, Four Very Funny Clowns, A Grand School of Brute Scholars, 1,000 Mighty Marvels not Enumerated.
—But don't fail to see our—
GREAT FREE STREET PAGEANT!
Specially given to illustrate our supremacy over all others. A Gorgeous Golden Guarantee of unequalled magnificence, positively surpassing all poetic visions. You never saw the like before. All royal pageantry far eclipsed. Every morning at 10 o'clock the Great Street Parade. Two performances daily. Doors open at 1 and 7 p.m.
ONLY 1 TICKET REQUIRED TO ALL!
ADMISSION 50 CENTS. CHILDREN UNDER 10 HALF PRICE.
—EXCURSIONS ON ALL RAILWAYS TO THIS GREAT SHOW.—

GLASGOW HOUSE.
—FOR—
STAPLE DRY GOODS,
FANCY DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY, MANTLES.
GENT'S FURNISHINGS,
HATS AND CAPS,
READY MADE CLOTHING.
TWEEDS, BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES, ETC., ETC
TO GET GOOD VALUE IN ALL LINES ABOVE MENTIONED GIVE US A CALL.
PRODUCE TAKEN AS CASH.
WM. McMILLAN.
Campbell's Block, Main St

TORONTO TEA STORE.
FRUIT JARS
D. W. PALMER & CO.
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.
GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS,
AGENT FOR CARLING'S CELEBRAT LAGER BEER, ALE, PORTER, ETC.

THE ONTARIO HOUSE!
Again to the fore with a
Splendid Stock of Spring Goods,
Comprising all the leading lines in
STAPLE DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, &C.
THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT
This season has been placed under the management of a lady of large experience in some of the BEST TORONTO MILLINERY HOUSES, and our goods in this department will be found superior to any previous season.
IN SCOTCH & CANADIAN TWEEDS,
GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c.,
We are in a position to offer the very best value.
FRESH GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE!
LARGE STOCK AND LOWEST PRICES.
WINES AND LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
AN EARLY CALL SOLICITED.
GEO. DRAPER.
Ontario House, Main St., Listowel.

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!
CASH FOR WOOL

GOODS EXCHANGED FOR WOOL.
If you are interested in the
OPENING OF THE WOOL SEASON,
call and examine my
LARGE STOCK OF WOOLEN GOODS,
before selling or purchasing elsewhere.
10,000 *Yards of Tweeds and Cloths.* 3,000 *Yards Fine Scotch Tweeds.* 5,000 *Yards Shirting and Dress Flannels. Bed and Horse Blankets, Stocking Yarn, Socks and Stockings, Drawers, Undershirts, and Winceys. Good assortment of Tweeds. Full Cloth at 50 cents per yard.*
Carding, Spinning, Fulling, and Manufacturing done as usual.
B. F BROOK.
Listowel, May 12, 1881.

H—U—R—R—A—H—!
—FOR—
BRICKER'S MAMMOTH HARDWARE.
LARGEST AND CHEAPEST SPOT IN TOWN.
The following lines are complete, and we are SELLING THEM AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES:
Nails, Glass, Putty, Spades, Shovels,
FORKS, HOES AND GARDEN RAKES.
We also keep full lines of
PAINTS, OILS AND VARNISHES!
MACHINE OILS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
BIRD CAGES LOWER THAN EVER.
Give Us a Call and Strike the Nail on the Head.

MONTHLY CATTLE MARKET IN LISTOWEL. The next Cattle Fair in Listowel will be held on
Friday, Sept. 2, 1881.

CIGARS in endless variety and at prices that will suit the times, at D. W. PALMER & CO'S. Hotel Keepers purchasing Cigars will do well to give us a trial. 14

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.
4 Houses on Dodd Street. (Formerly owned by W. Hagon.) As the owner is going to Muskoka he will sell cheap. Great bargains may therefore be had. Title good. Terms to suit purchaser, or parties renting. Apply to
FENNELL & GEARING,
Barristers, Listowel
34.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address—True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

"There is nothing to forgive,' said she simply. "You only accused me of carrying on a clandestine correspondence; and so I was. But I did not want Ada to know I was writing stories for money—it would have vexed her and poor aunt Letitia; and I thought if I had my letters sent to some little out-of-the-way place nobody would know. But, you see, you found me out."

There was that in the uplifted innocent eyes that compelled George March to take off his hat and stand bareheaded and humble in the frosty dusk before them.

"Oh, Chastete!" he quoted, under his breath; and his heart was full of a vague remorse and pain, as if he had hurt some helpless creature unawares. "Miss Thrale," he added aloud, "this omnibus is a long time coming; you see how dangerous it is to undertake such expeditions. Let us walk on, for it is getting late; and, as we walk, you tell me—won't you?—all about your stories and your editor. You know I am an old, old friend of Miss Throgmorton's; and, if you want me to feel that you don't quite consider me a blundering idiot, you will let me help you to some less difficult way than this of managing your business."

"Don't laugh at me!" pleaded Lucy, almost inclined to cry again. "I haven't any business. I only write little stories for the magazines."

"Only. Why, I think you are very clever to be able to write them, and doubly clever to be able to sell them. I am not laughing at you one bit.

"Really?"—Lucy's face brightened ingenuously. "I was afraid you were. You look rather stern and cold, you know; and I like to be liked. I can't bear to be suspected and frowned at."

"Tell the truth always then," said George, with something of the girl's simplicity, "and have done with concealments in future."

"Very well," said Lucy obediently.

"And promise me, above all, that you will not walk out so late again. I cannot understand Mrs. Ludlow's allowing it!"—with a frown.

Lucy turned a little pale.

"You are not going to tell aunt Letitia, Doctor March?" she urged, alarmed. "If I promise you, that ought to be enough. I never break a promise."

The young man looked at her for a moment or two. The anxious blue eyes did not flinch from his gaze.

"I will trust you," he answered quietly.

"And," Lucy went on, blushing now and hesitating, "you won't speak so unkindly to me any more?"

"Not if you are a good girl."

"Oh, I'll keep my word! And—and I beg your pardon for being so rude. I have a very bad temper, I know; and you did provoke me. Now didn't you?"

"I suppose I did," admitted the young man, smiling. "But now we are friends, aren't we?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried, nodding eagerly. "At least"—she paused faltering and confused—"not exactly friends; but we can always be polite to each other when we meet."

George smiled.

"Is that all?" he asked. "Why won't you let me be your friend, Miss Thrale?"

"I—I don't want any friend but Bee, thank you."

And just then the tardy omnibus came rumbling along.

"I will put you inside," said Doctor March—"I am afraid you are very cold—and I will indulge myself with a cigarette on the top. No; no protestations, please! I really must see you safely inside the green gate. I will go no farther unless you wish."

Lucy looked relieved. The pretty face nodded brightly through the closing door.

"Poor child!" thought George March, as he climbed up to his seat. "I am afraid she needs a friend. What a quaint little puzzle she is! That is a nasty cough she has, by the way; I must speak to Mrs. Ludlow about it. She must not be allowed to wander about in all kinds of weather." And he added once more, with a smile and a sigh, "Poor child!"

Chapter XXVII.

By Lucy's particular desire, Maria had kept the secret of their school from Doctor March, and, as to the children and to the other lodgers in the dingy courts at the North End, Bee and her friend were known only as "the ladies," George remained for some time in ignorance of their good work.

On Christmas Eve the children got their promised glimpse of fairy land, and the two girls stole an hour in the afternoon to look at the tree and at the little things' faces.

Bee and Lucy had agreed that there were to be no "useful presents" on their tree. Warm little garments and woolen socks and stout boots were not lacking to their six little scholars; but who wanted to see such things grow out of the magic bows of a Christmas tree?

No. There let sugar plums glisten and tinsel and tapers shine as brightly, for little eyes to which the world had hitherto been painted in drabs and brown, as they would shine in so many happy homes that week for other and more fortunate baby eyes.

So the room was decorated in a splendid manner with evergreens and hollyberries, and calico roses of home manufacture; a big wholesome cake was baked, dishes were piled with apples and oranges; and in the center of the room, in its green wooden tub, stood the tree—not a very big tree, perhaps, but it glittered as bravely and was as generously decked as the tallest in Barlaston Regis.

Maria's new chair, to the purchase of which Ted Ackroyd's sovereign had been duly devoted, was made as fine as any queen's throne; and the lame girl wore Bee's gift, a warm dress of crimson merino, with a degree of pride that she could not hide from her pupil's eyes.

"Pretty Maria!" said Kitty and Anastasia and all the wee dots. That patch of bright color would be a pleasure to their baby sight all the winter through.

The days being short and the guests small, the festivities began at an early hour.

"I wish we had room for a dozen more," sighed Lucy, while little appetites were being appeased—by means of a short process—and little pockets filled with the fragments of the feast. "There were so many longing little faces hovering about the stairs, Bee, as we came up!"

The distribution of the presents was followed by a general dance round the dismantled tree, the pink and blue tapers of which were already burning low.

Only Maria could not join; but she sang louder than anyone else in the nursery rhyme which Lucy started and she declared that Anatasia Perry danced for her as well as for herself.

At last it was time for the ladies to go. And then Lucy called the children round her, and a little hush fell on the room.

"There is something I want to say," she began quietly, taking baby Kitty on her lap. "We have all had a happy day, haven't we, my chicks?"

"Yes—yes," shouted the children.

"We have been quite warm and snug in here together—not felt the frost and cold outside, because of the good fire, nor hungry, because of Maria's big cake?"

"No—no!" responded the tiny chorus, fixing its six pairs of solemn eyes on Lucy's face.

"Well, then, don't you think we ought to remember some other little children who have not been so happy this Christmas Eve?"

The children listened, hardly comprehending.

"I mean that, as our room is so small, and we could not ask in all the little girls and boys who would have liked to see the tree, and Maria and the lady and I have saved some little presents for them, which are to be given them to-morrow; and I want to know what our little children will give me out of their share for some poorer little children we all know?"

On the wall over the fire-place was hung a simple German print of the divine Madonna and Child of the Dresden Gallery, and Lucy looked up at it now.

"If the Child Jesus were here Himself, cold and hungry among us," she went on in a very low voice, "would you give Him something out of your share children?"

"Yes!" cried the babies joyfully. Lucy's little sermon did not frighten them—it was so gently spoken, and with such friendly smiles.

"Well, you know Maria has read to you that if you give it to the poorest little child in Primrose Alley, it will be the same as giving it to Him. Maria will keep all the pieces in her apron for you—they will be the Child Jesus's share, remember!"

As the two girls stood side by side, and very still and silent somehow, while six little hands—some less willingly than others perhaps—broke off portions of the good things that had been given them to carry away, and laid them in the lame girl's lap, the door was seen to be half open, and Bee gently touched Lucy's arm to draw her attention to the fact.

"Come in, please!" that practical little person said at once. "We have a window open, and you are keeping the children in a draught!"

The invitation was accepted, and the intruder proved to be a gentleman, his coat and beard sprinkled with snow, who was holding by the hand a child of about the age of Maria's oldest scholar. She was poorly clad, and her feet were bare.

"Doctor March!" cried the lame girl as George advanced, taking off his hat, and bringing the child into their midst.

The two young ladies, starting back, saw themselves discovered. The Doctor took very little notice of them.

"This child's mother has just been taken to the hospital," he said. "She has been run over, and cannot live many hours. Will you give the little girl a bed for to-night, Maria?"

Maria looked at the child and then at Miss Thrale.

"I think you can manage, Maria," said Miss Thrale quietly, answering the look. "It is time for the little ones to go home. I will help you to wash and dress her. We have some clothes left that will fit her very well."

Maria brightened with interest and sympathy.

"And so we have," she said.

"I do not beg pardon for disturbing you," the young man went on, turning to the two girls. "If I understand your Christmas party at all, it is meant for me and my forlorn orphan here as well as for the rest. Children"—he raised his voice cheerfully—"here is a hungry little girl; her name is Nelly, and she has no father or mother. What was this young lady telling you just now about the Child Christ's share? Who will be the first to give their piece of cake?"

Six little hands were immediately stretched out with as many pieces of cake, two of which were seized by the half starved child, who began to eat ravenously, biting huge mouthfuls off each in turn, as if dreading that one might be taken from her.

"Miss Thrale, that is my Christmas box to you," said George March smiling and holding out his hand. "Do you forgive me for making so sad a one?"

Lucy put her hand simply in his.

"I am glad you could trust us," she answered, pulling Bee forward as partner in the business. "Nelly is one of our little scholars from to-day. We will make room for her somehow."

The girls would have remained, late as it was, to help Maria, but the Doctor interfered.

"I am going to send you both home," he said. "It is beginning to snow, and I think we shall have a heavy fall. No rebellion, Miss Throgmorton, if you please"—he was helping Bee rather awkwardly to put on her fur cloak. "I will deep your secret if you will do as I tell you. Is that a bargain? To think that I have been so completely mystified by two children like you!"

The girls laughed mischievously, and Lucy's laugh ended in a short cough.

"Now for your wrap, Miss Thrale," said the Doctor, looking at her suddenly as he heard this.

But Lucy had already struggled hurriedly into her jacket, and declined his help with a pretty bright blush.

"I shall have to order you to take better care of yourself, I see," George added quietly; "you are not properly clad at all for such a day as this."

"Oh, I am quite warm, thank you!" declared Lucy, quickly, apparently unaware that she was putting her glove on inside out.

"And since when have you had that cough?"

"I?" She looked up like a child accused of a fault. "Have I a cough, Doctor March? I never think about it; it will go away of itself."

And then everybody said "Good-bye" all round. Lucy stooped down when it came to Nelly's turn, and laid her hand on the orphan's tangled red head.

"Be a good girl," she said, "and do what Maria tells you, and you shall have a doll like the others to-morrow. I promise you. After which she kissed the astonished child simply on the cheek.

"When the three visitors got down the narrow staircase, Bee paused at the door to take Lucy in her arms and smother her with impetuous kisses.

"Bee," the girl exclaimed, laughing, "what is the meaning of this sudden burst of affection?"

"To think of your kissing that dreadful dirty little object!" cried Bee hysterically. "I could not—I could not!"

"I did not see the dirt," said Lucy wistfully. "Her sorrows had washed it all away. And now I must make haste home. It is not snowing very fast. Good bye, Bee, good-bye, Doctor March."

She was gathering up her gray skirts, evidently intending to dart on by herself though the snowy streets. Bee arched her eyebrows.

"Do you really suppose," she demanded calmly, "That you are going home in that fashion?"

"What has become of the carriage?" asked Doctor March. "You did not walk here, I hope, as I did?"

"But indeed we did," declared Bee ruefully. "Lucy is always so glad of the fresh air that—good gracious, it is five o'clock!" she added, looking at her watch by the light of a street lamp before the door. "We had better walk on until we come to a cab, and then you can put us in, and I will drive to King's Road with Lucy."

"Or, better still," suggested the Doctor, with a glance at Miss Thrale's old jacket, "I will send David Perry in search of the cab, if he is at home. Wait a moment."

The young man rushed up the dingy staircase three steps at a time, and Bee sat down, laughing resignedly, in the open doorway, where the snow was drifting in lightly.

"Bee, do let me go now!" pleaded Lucy hurriedly. "I am afraid Ada will miss me; and I don't mind walking by myself at all."

"But I mind it for you very much," cried Bee decisively. "See, here comes Doctor March with David; we shall be all right now."

David, having gained the young ladies and pulled his forelock, darted off through the snow with a whoop of enjoyment. There was nothing for it, Lucy saw, but to submit; and one of the results of the Christmas party was a very pleasant stolen quarter of an hour spent in the dilapidated passage of the house in Primrose Alley.

George found a corner for Lucy out of the draught and contented himself with a seat on the stairs near Bee, who was giving him an animate account of their school and its origin. Indeed Bee had all the talking to herself, for Lucy could hardly be coaxed into saying a word, as she sat in her dusky corner with anxious eyes fixed on the fast falling snow, and the Doctor was listening with pleased attention to Miss Throgmorton's explanations.

"I must ask Miss Thrale for her secret," he said kindly, when the warm hearted girl had partly exhausted the subject. "I should like to know how she has contrived to interest my dear old Bee in such sensible and womanly work, while all my efforts in the same direction have been fruitless."

He was looking at Lucy as he spoke, but she did not answer. Bee colored hotly, remembering the sorrow that had sent her to Lucy for help; then she spoke up bravely for her friend.

"One would hardly expect it, would they," she asked, "of such a desperate and heartless coquette as Miss Thrale? She ought to have taught me to flirt instead."

And now Lucy's cheeks rivalled Miss Throgmorton's.

"Oh, Bee!" she whispered, in distressful entreaty.

"Well?"—sturdily. "That is what they all say of you, you poor little thing! And you shall flirt as much as you like at the ball. It will be your turn to dance then, and I hope you will enjoy it as much as our babies did to-day."

Lucy smiled a little wistfully.

The cab was jolting down the narrow and ill paved street now, with David running before as a pilot, and the little talk in the hall came to an end.

Doctor March was going back to the hospital, and had no time for a cigarette; so the two girls drove off by themselves to King's Road, very cold and hungry and happy.

"It is all settled about your dress, of course?" Bee asked when they were drawing near the villa.

"Oh, quite!"

"I am so glad!" In a little estacy she kissed the pretty face, a bump of the cab crushing both their hats during the ceremony, and making them laugh with pure lightness of heart. "I was afraid Ada might have thought it a little expensive."

"For my first ball?" questioned Lucy demurely. "No, indeed; I have carte blanche to think of the prettiest ball dress that money can buy! And nothing can be prettier than white tulle—can it?"

"Well, I hope it won't be torn to tatters! Has Doctor March asked you to keep him any dances yet?"

"What an idea!" protested Lucy, reddening. "I would not dance with him for all the world."

"Indeed!" said Bee calmly. "There will be all the more fun for me. George March waltzes superbly."

"Susan says your brother is here," Lucy cried, running back through the snow to the cab window after the door of the villa had been opened.

"Jack? Is he? Then he had better drive home with me. I will come in for a minute."

Lucy went straight up stairs to take off her hat, and Miss Throgmorton followed Susan to the back drawing room.

She found Jack there, sitting on a stool near Miss Ludlow's feet, from which he started up as his sister entered, looking somewhat confused.

Miss Ludlow, gentle and unembarrassed, rose to receive her visitor. There was no light in the room except the pleasant flicker of the fire, and the soft gloom was filled as usual with the fragrance of flowers.

"Come to the fire, Bee," she said, putting out both her hands prettily. "Your brother has just began to thaw. Is it not bitterly cold?"

Bee's bright face had undergone a sudden eclipse.

"Did mamma send you for me, Jack," she asked abruptly, "or haven't you been home yet?"

Jack colored and plunged both hands into his pockets, kicking at a reel of cotton that had fallen on the floor as he went and leant against the mantel piece.

"No," he answered with elaborate carelessness, but not meeting his sister's eyes; "I have not been home yet."

"Oh, I must scold you for that," declared Miss Ludlow, smiling; "only I believe you guessed that Bee would be here! Are you admiring my flowers, Bee?" A magnificent nosegay stood on the velvet covered table at the speaker's elbow. "Let me give you one for your hair. Indeed I wish you would take them all. They have no business here."

"No, thank you," was the curt reply. Miss Throgmorton still held aloof from the fire, and from the easy chair which Ada had wheeled forward for her. "Is Mrs. Ludlow in the front room?" she added. "May I go in and speak to her this evening?"

"Of course; we left her because she had fallen into a doze. She will be so glad to see you."

"Shall you be ready to go home then, Jack?" asked Bee, pausing between the curtains and looking back. "It is snowing very hard, and I have a cab ——"

"Yes, yes! Hang it all, don't bother a fellow!" he replied irritably.

"But, you must let me give you some tea first," Ada interposed with a charming smile. "Perhaps that may tend to civilize this great bear a little."

Jack followed his sister to the folding doors and watched her go into the other room; then he came back eagerly to Miss Ludlow's side and stood before her, agitated and pale.

"Is that all you will say to me?" he asked in a low voice, continuing their interrupted conversation.

Ada looked up, her large serious eyes full of a gentle reproach.

"What else can I say!" she pleaded. "If you do not wish to make me very unhappy, you will never allude to this again."

"Give me some reason," urged the boy. "Do you think I will submit meekly to be treated like a child—to have my flowers refused——"

"I have not refused these," reasoned Ada gently, touching the white petals with her lips. "I have only begged you not to bring me any more."

"That is my business," he cried. "No one shall interfere with my affairs!"

"Not even me?"—smiling up into the angry dark face.

"Oh, you, Ada. You can do whatever you like with me—you know you can."

"Except make you listen to reason."

"That means that you will not marry me? Well"—with a bitter sigh—"I don't say you are wrong. I am not much of a fellow, I know."

"Please don't run down my friend, Mr. Throgmorton!" Ada's voice sank to a whisper; she was making palpable blunders in her work.

Jack saw it, and he drew nearer and bent over the little flaxen head.

"Ada," he said in a hurried whisper, "can you—you do not care for me? It will be kinder to say so at once. I will never trouble you any more, and I will be your freind still whatever happens."

Miss Ludlow dropped her embroidery, and sank back in her chair. She was trembling and catching the corner of her lips between her teeth.

"Yes it will be better so," she said brokenly.

"I think you will be very wise to forget me, Jack."

"Now you speak like that" Eagerly—"Ada, you care for me! It is my father you are afraid of, isn't it? But if you give yourself to me I would work; we need not be dependent on him." He caught her slim white hand in his two boyish palms, and gripped it close. "Ada," he urged, "you do care for me!"

Ada drew her hand away and stood up.

"Is this fair?" she asked reproachfully, crossing to the fireplace and putting one hand up on the tall chimneypeice. "Have I not already told you my descision? It is cruel to persist."

"You have not said that you cannot love me!" exclaimed the boy in a passionate whisper. He followed her and stood behind her, with his eager lips bent down to her shrinking ear. "Until you say that, I shall never stop hoping. Ada, you dare not say it!"

She caught at the back of a chair near which she stood and pressed one hand to her bosom.

"Do you think it is so easy for a woman to give pain?" she murmured almost inaudibly. "Why cannot we be friends without speaking any such words at all?"

"You dare not say them!" repeated the lad, with a fond and triumphant laugh.

"Dare not!" Miss Ludlow drew her slender figure up to its fullest height and was about to speak; but suddenly she flushed, melted, trembled. "I—I do not love you," she said in faltering words that died on her lips as she spoke them.

Jack seized her in his arms and broke into some fond wild murmur; but she disengaged herself gently but firmly, and put him from her.

"Ungenerous!" she whispered, faintly. "Have I not said that I—I do not love you?"

Baffled and bewildered, the boy caught up his hat and strode to the door.

"That is enough," he muttered, hoarsely; "you need not say it twice."

"You are not angry?" pleaded Ada, holding out two shaking white hands. "We are friends still at least?"

"Friends!" He broke into a scornful laugh. "You mean that I am still a fool and your slave, and that you can whistle me back to-morrow if you like! I won't trouble you any longer now however. Good night."

"But your sister Bee!" cried Miss Ludlow in a distressed whisper. "Won't you wait and—"

Something like a smothered oath answered her; and a moment later the slamming of the hall door announced that Jack was gone.

Chapter XXVIII.

A robin singing his Christmas carol in a holly bush below her window was the first sound that greeted Lucy next morning.

She jumped out of bed feeling very bright and very happy. Christmas Day was Christmas Day; there was no changing that, no matter how lonely you might be, or how few presents you might receive. The sun was shining frostily, bells would soon be ringing.

"I wonder what Susan said this morning when she opened her eyes and saw her new aprons," thought Lucy gaily.

Her white childish arms shone in the morning light as she stood at her humble toilet table braiding the rough pretty abundance of her bronze hair and singing between every dexterous turn and twist vague snatches of a little canticle Bee was fond of—

"Peuple, a genoux! Attends ta delivrance,
Noel, Noel! Voici le Redempteur!

"I wonder how our little scholars are today. I hope indigestion has not waited on appetite, poor little trots. How kind Doctor March was. I am not a bit afraid of him now; and I don't wonder that Ada likes him. At—least—yes, I think she does, though she will not admit it just yet. I don't wonder; he is not a bit good looking, but he is strong and gentle and considerate. Oh, I think Ada will be very happy with him. There—I am ready. I will just run down and see that breakfast is all right."

She had fastened her blue stuff gown with a little bunch of holly berries; they pricked her chin, but Lucy persisted on wearing them as the one compliment, besides her light heart, which she was able to pay Father Christmas; and, as she paused to smooth away an imaginary wrinkle from the round beauty of her; little waist, it was not at all surprising that she should linger a few moments at the glass, putting her head on one side to look at the charming reflection it gave back.

"It's a shame there's no one to see your berries, poor Lucy," she said, addressing the childish beauty in the glass, who smiled back at her with a red rose mouth; "they really look very pretty. There"—bending forward and kissing the laughing lips in the glass—"a merry Christmas, Miss Thrale! There's one kiss for you, you poor little thing! And kisses don't grow on every holly brush this Christmas, let me tell you!"

Then she ran off down stairs singing again "Noel, Noel!" to wish Susan too a merry Christmas, and to hear the white aprons extolled over and over again.

"If you please, Miss Lucy," said Susan at last, "there's some things in the parlor as came this morning."

Lucy rushed into the breakfast room.

The round table was piled indeed with a formidable array of packages, and, to the girl's astonishment, her pile was the largest of the three. It had actually overflowed her plate and filled up her chair, on which she found a large square parcel like a box, covered with brown paper, addressed to "Miss Thrale, Tower House, King's road."

Lucy's fingers fairly tingled to be at the packages; but she would not touch a single knot till Ada and her aunt came down. Besides, it was pleasure enough to stand and look at them, wondering who had sent them and what they could contain.

"One is from Bee, I am sure!" she thought gladly. "How good she has been to me ever since that day! But I shall scold her. Does she suppose I want presents to convince me of her love?"

Mrs. Ludlow's feeble steps were heard on the stairs at last, and Lucy sprang to open the door, her eyes and lips bright with Christmas greetings.

The pale invalid, who was leaning on her daughter's arm, seemed to shrink back at sight of the radiant young creature whose flower-like coloring made all other faces look so dull and faded.

The sunshine was turning Lucy's rough bronze hair to gold; it was lighting up the white bloom of her skin, and accentuating the dark and delicate brows above her sweet blue eyes. She was a sight, in her stuff gown and and her bunch of scarlet berries, "to make an old man young," and her beauty struck the watching women with fresh force.

Lucy did not understand the little pause.

"Oh, aunt Letitia," she cried, coloring, "you will take me in your arms to day and kiss me. Ah, do, darling! I have no mother to say merry Christmas to me, you know! So you will just for once—won't you?"

She had her arms round the widow's shrinking figure, and was clinging close to her, reless of poor Mrs. Ludlow's pale cold face. There was very little proper spirit in Lucy, evidently

"Of course you will kiss Lucy, mamma," Ada said kindly. "That is right." And her mother did touch Lucy's cheek with her lips and lay her hand for an instant on her shoulder.

"Lucy is as fond of kissing as a baby!" she said half fretfully, as she sank into her low chair by the fire.

Lucy only laughed, and arranged the footstool under her aunt's feet and the pillow at her back.

"There are such a delightful lot of presents, aunt Letitia," she exclaimed in irrepressible good humor.

Ada was looking in some curiosity at the parcels.

"I did not expect a single thing," she declared, taking up the box and cutting the string. "What can this huge thing be?"

The box proved to contain a handsome seal skin jacket and muff, at sight of which Lucy's eyes began to shine.

"How provoking!" Ada cried. "I have an excellent set already."

Lucy blushed.

"I—I think it is meant for me, Ada." she said; and her cousin, taking up the paper again, looked at the address.

"So it is! how stupid of me! Dear Lucy, I am so glad. It is just what you wanted. I suppose it is from Bee. Put it on at once, and let us see if it fits. Look, mamma! Is it not handsome?"

"Is it not rather an expensive present for Lucy to accept?" objected Mrs. Ludlow, with an uneasy glance at the sweet flushed face that rose above the dark fur, all in a glow of happy excitement.

"Oh, aunt Letitia, please don't say so!" cried Lucy, who was stroking the sleeve with her hand. "I don't think I could bear to give it up."

"You will do as you please, of course," said the widow, coldly. "You generally do."

Lucy began quietly to unbotton the jacket.

"I will do whatever you think best, aunt Letitia," she answered gently, though there was a tell tale quiver in her voice. "After all the worst of the winter is over; I do not care so very much about it."

"I am sorry that we cannot afford to buy you fur jackets," retorted poor Mrs. Ludlow, in whose eyes even fresh beauty in the young creature before her was a fresh wrong done to her own child. "For that however it is not Ada who is to blame, though I never hear her complaining of our poverty."

Lucy took off the jacket, folded it, and placed it in its box. Her old enemy—her quick temper—was rising, and she would not trust herself to speak just then.

"Lucy knows at least that we would buy them for her if we could, mamma," interposed Ada in her silvery voice, as she went on opening the parcels. "Look—here is a cosy crimson shawl which Lucy has knitted you; and I have some pretty handkerchiefs—they are just what I wanted, dear"—to her cousin with a smile. "And what is this? Oh, what a delicious locket! My name in diamonds on a dead gold ground! Who can have sent me this? Not a scrap of writing—no! Let me look inside. Only a few rose leaves! How very odd!"

"Oh, that means," said Lucy, recovering herself and taking her seat at the table, "that it comes from your good fairy, of course—the flower person you know, Ada."

"Oh, but flowers are one thing, and diamonds are another!" answered Miss Ludlow gravely. "I shall certainly not accept this in any such anonymous fashion."

"It is not hard to guess who has sent it," declared Mrs. Ludlow, her wan face lighting up proudly. Was not everything to be settled at the ball? Mary Throgmorton said so; and that harm could there be in a present from the one to whom Ada was as good as engaged?" "Of course you will keep it, my love?"

But Ada shook her head.

Meanwhile Lucy had discovered that Bee's present was a pretty lace handkerchief for the ball, that young Ackroyd had sent his idol's friend a charming white fan to match it, and Mr. Throgmorton—his daughter's unresisting victim—a box of gloves both light and dark.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Ludlow, as these treasures were displayed by the happy child, "you have made good use of your time in Upper Brunswick street, I must say!"

Lucy hung her head.

"It is all through Bee, aunt Letitia"—with a wistful little air of apology. "They do it only to please her, and——. Oh!"

As she unfolded the lace handkerchief, the better to admire its delicate pattern, a letter fell into her lap. It was addressed to "The Ladies," in a broad picturesque hand, and contained a five pound note and a slip of paper, on which was written. "For Nellie, until something can be decided upon.—G. M."

Lucy's happy smiles all faded as soon as she saw this. If George had had the faintest idea of the trouble he was bringing upon the poor child, he would have cut off his hand rather than have written these few words. She sat and stared at the note, while Ada was still busy with her own and her mother's presents, until the words seemed to be written in scarlet ink; and her heart beat like a drum as she tried to swallow her breakfast and to look as if nothing had happened. But Lucy had a tell-tale face.

"Have you had a letter too, Lucy?" Miss Ludlow asked, surprised at her cousin's sudden silence.

The widow was still carefully examining the locket, which was of considerable value, the stones being of good size and color.

"N-no—not exactly a letter," stammered Lucy, letting her knife and fork fall with a startled clatter. "At least—I mean—it is from Doctor March!"

She blurted out the words and sat bolt upright, awaiting the storm which would doubtless break upon her head.

"From Doctor March!" gasped Mrs. Ludlow in shrill amazement, as soon as she could speak. "Well of all the——"

Ada laid her hand gently on her mother's arm.

"Hush, pray, mamma!" she said. "Why may not Lucy receive a present from Doctor March as well as from Mr Throgmorton? The Doctor is like one of the family."

"It is not a present," explained Lucy in great confusion—"and it is not for me."

"Not for you?"

The widow brightened.

"No, aunt Letitia." Poor Lucy colored painfully. "It is only some money, and it is for our school."

The cherished secret was dragged from her at last, and all the disappointment and pent up excitement of the morning melted into a great burst of sobbing and tears, which Lucy tried vainly to control. Miss Ludlow waited until it was exhausted—the widow was herself crying silently behind her pocket handkerchief—and then, very gently and with the most patient kindness, she begged Lucy to explain the matter to them.

"You know, dear Lucy, we have your real interests at heart, and mamma is afraid that you may have been led, thoughtlessly into some little imprudence. You will admit that it does not look very well to be receiving presents of money from a gentleman?"

Thus appealed to, Lucy told the history of the little school in Primrose Alley, and of her meeting there on the previous night with Doctor March.

"He never came there before," she added eagerly. "Only Bee and I knew about it."

There was a pause. Mrs. Ludlow dried her eyes and sat up.

"I told you how it would be, my poor love," she said hysterically. "You would not listen to me, and now——"

"Mamma," urged her daughter in tender reproach, "you knew Doctor March has forbidden you to excite yourself; and you wrong Lucy. I am sure of that, if she had thought you would disapprove of what she was doing—"

"I shall speak to Mary about it!" the widow cried angrily. "I am sure she will not allow Bee to be mixed up in anything of that sort, and all for the sake of meeting—"

"Mamma," pleaded Miss Ludlow, pray do not give way! I know Lucy better than you do. I am quite sure that a word from you will be enough. She will give up this little fancy to please you. It was very kind and sweet of her to do good among the poor; but she will sacrifice her own inclinations for your sake, you will see."

Lucy stood up, pained and chilled and heavy-eyed.

"Very well," she said quietly. "I will tell Bee, and she can give the money back to Doctor March. I did not mean to deceive you, aunt Letitia. Only Bee and I did not think there was any harm in a secret like that. I could not have asked you to kiss me to day if I had meant any harm.

She rushed away to her own room, there to fling herself down in the bed in a passion of anger and pain. She was a very faulty little creature, no doubt, and her temper often ran away with her; but it did seem that she had not deserved such a black cloud of disapprobation and suspicion as had darkened the Christmas sunshine already.

"What can I do with my life now?" She thought. "Am I never to be loved, never to love any one, even the poor little ragged children that nobody wants? Oh, I am sorry! It made me very happy to work for them! And Doctor March will be sorry too. He did not mean to cause us any pain; he only meant to be kind. Oh, I wish it had not happened this morning! It will be such a miserable Christmas Day!"

Chapter XXIX.

When Miss Ludlow knocked an hour later at her cousin's door, the face that met her, tear stained, flushed, quivering, was very different from the morning face that had sung Noel in the sunshine.

Miss Ludlow was charmingly dressed in black velvet, with a little bonnet to correspond that contrasted very effectively with her abundant flaxen hair. She was drawing on a fresh pair of the long gloves that had excited Bee's wrath, and looked as calm and as cool as a lily.

It had been arranged that Mrs. Ludlow would attempt to go to St. Chad's for morning service, and would drive from there with Mrs. Throgmorton to Upper Brunswick street, where she and her daughter were to dine.

A very formal invitation had likewise been extended to Miss Thrale; but this, in spite of Bee's indignant protest, Lucy had felt it impossible to accept.

"But you cannot dine by yourself on Christmas Day!" cried the warm hearted girl. "Nobody ever heard of such a thing."

"I shall have a plum pudding all to myself," Lucy had answered, laughing at her friend's distress, though with very misty blue eyes and unsteady lips. "Dear Bee, don't I know how glad you would be to have me? But I cannot go; and you must not think of it any more. I shall be happy in my own way, I dare say."

But now, when she saw her cousin ready to go, and remembered the long dull day that lay before her, the poor child's heart sank within her.

"Dear Lucy," Ada said very kindly, "how I wish you were going. Had you not better change you mind, late as it is, and come with us?"

Lucy shook her head with a melancholy smile.

"I hope you have not been fretting about what dear mamma said at breakfast? It was for your good, dear. You know I do not offen side against you; do I? But this time I am afraid I must say that mamma is right. There—give me a kiss, and promise me to take good care of yourself. We shall be home quite early, of course, on our dear invalid's account."

Before many minutes Lucy heard the carriage roll away, and knew that she was alone for the rest of the day.

She went to church; but the happy faces she saw all round her within the dingy walls of St Mark's made her very sad, and she could not eat any dinner, sitting all by herself in the little dining room, with Susan to wait upon her.

She had hardly the heart to speak to the assiduous little maid; but she did muster up a small joke, so that Susan should not suspect how miserable she was; and then, creeping into the back drawing room, already darkening with the early twilight, she seated herself on the sofa with her presents, and before long fell fast asleep, the fan and gloves and lace handkerchief still in her hands.

Susan crept in once or twice to look to the fire; but the poor child did not wake. She was dreaming of her dead mother whom she could hardly remember—dreaming that she had spoken her name in a voice like music and kissed her—when she awoke with a start to find Bee Throgmorton kneeling beside her, bright and eager and pretty in her fur cap and cloak.

"Oh!" cried Lucy, starting up and throwing two convulsive arms round her friend's neck. "Oh, Bee, I was dreaming of being kissed! I thought it was my mother!"

The two girls clung to each other for a moment in silence; then Bee spoke, laying her cold cheek against Lucy's feverish head.

"Look!" she said. "Sit up and receive your guests, Miss Thrale! I have brought you quite a party!"

Lucy stared sleepily—not comprehending—round the firelitany room.

"It was all Bee's fault, my dear," said Mr. Throgmorton, coming forward and holding out a kind hand. "Nothing would do but we must come; and so we brought Mr. Ackroyd with us, and Doctor March, whom we met on the way."

Lucy turned pale. Oh, what new scrape had she got into? she wondered breathlessly; and what in the world possessed Doctor March to pay visits on Christmas Day? She forgot that she had to play hostess in her cousin's absence; she looked a very bashful and awkward little person indeed.

"I will pour out the tea, if that is what you are afraid of," said Bee, laughing, and throwing off her cloak." "I will even ring the bell and order it, if you will give me leave."

And then Lucy, remembering that she could not very well turn the Doctor out, no matter how undesirable his presence might be, determined to make the best of it, and began to prepare the tea with an eager delight that was quite irresistible.

"What fun!" she cried, laughing up at George March as he brought her the big kitchen-kettle which she had been obliged to order in.

"It is like playing at house," the young man said, watching her very kindly while she marshalled her cups and saucers around her. "I expect you to call me 'Lord George' every moment and to offer me a mud-pie."

"I could not make any now," Lucy answered laughing. "They are all buried under the snow;" then her attention became concentrated on the tea pot, which was somewhat heavy for her slender wrist.

"I am going to play for you all," said Miss Throgmorton after a while; and young Ackroyd followed her to the piano. Mr. Throgmorton was already dozing over the fire; he had found a chair which reminded him of his favorite seat at home.

George drew his nearer to the pretty teamaker. She was looking more than pretty just then. He wondered how he ever have believed anything had about a girl with such a fair and ingenuous face.

Lucy had been listening to Bee's music, with her hands folded in the lap of her blue gown, but she looked up, starting a little as the young man sat down beside her, and drew her skirt out of his way.

"Bee allows people to talk through her music," he said, smiling. "She knows how well worth listening to it is, and can afford to be magnanimous."

"Bee is the most generous girl in all the world!" said Lucy with simple and quiet enthusiasm; and, seizing the opportunity for an explanation, she added in a very low voice, so low that Doctor March had to bend over the pretty bronze head to hear, "I am very sorry I shall not be able to go to the school any more—I shall be wanted at home; so you will please to give the money to Bee for Nelly? It was very kind of you to remember us."

"Not go to the school any more?" repeated George, as she took the fatal envelope from the pocket of her stuff gown. Why ——" But something in the downcast face at his side checked him. He put the note, doubled up, into his waistcoat pocket. "I will speak to Bee," he said quietly "But first I have something to say to you—something very mysterious and important."

Lucy looked at him, startled, but smiling too.

"To me?"

"To you, Miss Thrale—or no; not to you—to Lucius Trevelyan, Esq., if he will favor me with a few moments' conversation."

Lucius Trevelyan, Esq., began to blush with all her might.

TO BE CONTINUED.

—Within thirty-seven years the Church of England has erected 2,581 churches, and expended on church buildings $200,900,000.

MRS. LINCOLN'S WHIMS.

Her Illness Chiefly a Figment of Her Imagination.

(Chicago News.)

Mrs. Lincoln came to Springfield on November 3, 1880, and has since made her home at the residence of Hon. Ninan Edwards, whose wife is her sister, where she has been tenderly cared for. The most noticeable feature connected with her arrival was the extraordinary amount of baggage which she brought with her. This consisted of over 60 trunks, which, according to the railroad officials, weighed about 8,000 pounds. In these trunks is contained a remarkable collection of ordinary possessions of the most miscellaneous character, comprising almost everything in the shape of clothing, trinkets, etc., that she had accumulated since childhood, all of which she treasures with zealous care. Since coming to Springfield it has been Mrs. Lincoln's pleasure to consider herself hopelessly ill—a confirmed invalid, without the slightest chance of recovery. About a month after her arrival she shut herself up in her room, professing to be unable even to go down stairs. And there she remained persistently from last Christmas until Wednesday of this week. Her most frequent expressions were that she was on fire, and that she felt as though she was being cut to pieces by knives. Her greatest gratification was to read the newspaper statements that she was lying at the point of death These were carefully collected for her, and she seemed to desire that the news should be circulated as widely as possible. Mrs. Lincoln often spent the morning looking through her collection of trunks, occasionally fishing out some dilapidated garment and mending it carefully.

In the afternoon it has been Mrs. Lincoln's habit to darken her room as much as possible. She has decided to use gas except when visitors called, and has preferred to obtain what little light she needed from ordinary candles or from tapers floating in water. During all these imaginary troubles Mrs. Lincoln's appetite has been good. Through these months she has always slept well, and a great deal, though she has strenuously insisted that she has not. Recently she sent for her physician and said that she had hardly slept all winter. She wanted something to make her sleep, but did not want anything that had an opiate in it. The doctor complied with her request, and she slept nearly all the time for three days, being very drowsy during the short intervals when she was awake. Since then she has admitted that she felt better. For some time the doctor has advised her to take a drive as soon as she was able to get out. After setting several days for making the attempt, she felt enough better after her long sleep to go, and not only took a drive on Wednesday of this week, but wants soon to take another. Mrs. Lincoln is not really sick. She does suffer from a slight trouble, causing the hysterical condition, and of course her general health has not been improved by her six months' confinement to her room and her general mode of life. But her sufferings are almost wholly imaginary, and she may at any time conclude that she has recovered. All of her fancies and whims are indulged in to the fullest extent by her friends, and this may be said to com